# WHILE 'TIS MAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A DESPERATE CHARACTER," &c.

## CHAPTER XVII.

SEVEN days, a whole week, and some weeks seem to last a year, have elapsed since the arrival of Lady Clara Tennyson so unexpectedly in our midst.

We are getting used to her presence; it is wonderful how she has adapted herself to circumstances in which she has found herself placed for the first time in her life: my wife even says to me, "I think, my dear, your cousin likes it."

"I am afraid," I replied, "she likes something else."

My wife shakes her head.

"Yes," I return, answering her unspoken remark, "you are quite right, my dear, as you always are: but that is not what I mean."

"No!" in some surprise. "What do you mean?"

"I mean Willie."

My wife laughs. "O papa!"

"You think it ridiculous? Well, Clara has had a good many flirtations in her time, and I think she would like to get up another with him."

"But, papa, Jessie——"

"Well, my dear?"

"Oh! you know."

"Pardon me, my love; I know nothing."

"I am sure you do."

"So be it, my dear: you know I never contradict a lady."

"I believe they are married."

It is my turn to smile and look incredulous.

"Yes, papa, you may laugh, but I feel sure of it."

"So much the worse for both of them, if it is so: but I am certain you are mistaken."

Here one of the children entering puts a stop to the conversation, and soon afterwards I have to go and pay a visit.

I do not like it: I do not understand it: if Clara—but thereb she is old enough to be his mother. It is quite absurd—neverthe-

less I hate her when I think of it. Jessie, too! well my wife was nearer the truth there than she suspected; but I cannot reveal professional secrets, even to the partner of my life; they are, or should be, as sacred as those of the confessional.

I believe I am jealous of everyone and everything that comes, or is likely to come between my son and me—for he is my son: I see it all now, after all these years, as clear as the sun at noonday in a cloudless tropical sky: I was a youth then, eighteen, fresh from school, full of life, not much troubled with scruples of any kind; she was pretty, decidedly pretty, lively, and no wise coy. Yes, if Mary Morrison—Lady Goldenthorpe, that is—is the mother of my boy, I am his father, and I dare not, must not tell him so.

While my soul, my whole being, is yearning over him with inexpressible love, such love as I have never felt for any of my younger children, and I have seven of *them*, I must smother my feelings in my breast, and restrain the impulse that prompts me, every time he and I are alone together, to take him in my arms and kissing the fair face that so reminds me of one I kissed some four and twenty years ago, exclaim, "My son, my son! Why have we been separated all these weary years; for I love you, my son, my first-born, better than all the world."

But it cannot be: to proclaim myself his father would be to dishonour his mother in her son's eyes, and lower that father in the esteem I know he holds him in now, when he does not know him for a father, but a friend.

Truly that philosopher, or poet, the terms are not always convertible, was right who said that "Providence, of our pleasant vices makes whips to chasten us." I forget the exact words, but that is the sense of what I have somewhere read.

Yes, I know he esteems me, has a friendly regard for me; but what is that, when I am yearning for the love a son owes to his father? absolutely nothing, and yet therewithal, I am fain to live content, unless—

Ay, unless some unforeseen circumstance should arise, that will enable me to tell him all.

My cousin Clara, too: I will not say she loves him, for I do not believe she ever loved, or could love anyone or anything but herself: my cousin Clara is attracted by his—shall I say, beauty? Why not? by his beauty, for he is handsome: and she would make him believe she loves him; but he will not be silly enough to flutter into her snare, especially when his heart is already full of the love he has told me he bears little Jessie.

Little Jessie—bah! I feel I could hate her! why should she step between my son, and me?

There! I am asking too many questions, and questions, too, that must remain answerless for ever.

"Well, dear me! Who is that? Am I never to have a minute to myself? Oh! it is you, Ethel: well, what is it, child?"

"'Pa!"

"Well, my dear, what is it, now? what do you want?"

"Pa," flourishing a sheet of note-paper in her hand, as she speaks—"Pa, I have found some more of Willie's poetry: it is so funny, I cannot understand it myself; so I have brought it to you to read."

"What business, miss, have you to touch what does not belong to you? where did you get it?"

"I found it in the garden:" pouting. "I suppose it blew out of his window: it is funny, though."

"H'm!" I take the paper from the child, and, not without a certain feeling of consternation, read as follows:—

"PHAON TO HIS MISTRESS."

"O belovèd from thine eyes
Flow two rivulets of light,
So bright,
That the silly moth that flies
In the night,
Has perished in their *shade:*
And the glowworm, afraid
Of their splendour, to her lair
Has vanished in the glade.
Like sunbeams on a rose,
Are the glories of thy hair,
On thy shoulders floating free;
While thy ruby lips disclose,
When thou smilest upon me,
Gems more beautiful than pearls
O, my love, among the girls
Not one can be compared to thee.
O, belovèd, on thy breast
It were ecstacy to rest,
Gently rising, gently falling,
With the perfume of thy breath,
For aye:
And a fate 'twere as appalling,
Ay, as death,
To be banished from thy presence for a day."

"Upon my word!" is my unspoken commentary, after the perusal of the foregoing lines, "upon my word, the young fellow is coming out! he has been reading O'Shaughnessy, I shouldn't wonder, or Swinburne, perhaps, and has caught a faint echo of their music; but he ought not to let such productions as this blow about a garden, especially my garden."

"Are they not funny lines, 'pa?" persists my daughter, as I fold up the paper and put it in my pocket.

"Yes, my dear," I reply; "they are not so much funny as

very silly, and I do not fancy Willie can have written them himself; he must have copied them out of some book, thinking them curious from their absurdity."

"Oh! 'pa! do you think so?"

"Yes, my dear, I do: there, run away now, there's a good girl, for I am very busy," and so saying, I dismiss my daughter with a kiss on her uplifted forehead.

Once more alone, I say to myself, "Come, my friend, get on with your work," and just as I open my ledger, with the intention of making out some of my quarterly bills, I am again interrupted, and this time by my wife.

"Well?" interrogatively, and looking up with, I fear, no very pleasant expression of countenance, "What *is* the matter now?"

"Are you busy this afternoon, papa?"

"No, not particularly so—at least, I have to make out some bills."

"Oh! you are not going out, then?"

"No: why?"

"Because, I thought if you were not going to use the carriage, Clara wants to do some shopping, and also to call on her solicitors, and I said I would ask you."

"All right," I reply, not without some impatience. "All right: take it—Willie will have to walk, that is all."

My wife smiled: "I should think he would not mind doing that," she replies; "but if you have promised him the carriage, why——"

"Oh! no, I have not done anything of the kind, I only thought——"

"Then we can have it?"

I nodded: "Yes, yes: don't you see I am busy," and as I open the ledger with a bang, my wife beats a hasty retreat: a few minutes later I see her and my cousin driving off: they are laughing heartily; I wonder what at?

It is no business of mine, though, and I daresay it is not at me: but supposing it is, what matter? let them laugh.

Hang it, no! I cannot make out bills to-day: they must wait until I feel more in the humour for it: I wonder where is Willie?

Can it be four and twenty years since I made love to little Mary Morrison, the gate-keeper's pretty daughter at my uncle Aubrey's! I was about eighteen then, and little thought I should ever settle down a contented—well no, scarcely *contented*—a medical practitioner at all events, in Essex Place, in the neighbourhood of Victoria Park.

If any one endowed with the gift of prophecy had so read my future to me, then, I truly believe I should have anticipated my ate, and made him, or her, a liar.

And yet I manage to live pretty comfortably on the whole; and if I am not, I ought to be, contented.

I have a good, kind, loving, sympathetic wife, a family of seven healthy, pretty children, of whom any prince might be justifiably proud; my labour brings me in not only ample means to clothe and educate them becomingly, but also to put by something for the rainy day that, I trust, may never come. I have many comforts, and some luxuries, and now that I have help, very little drudgery to put up with: I ought to feel myself a happy man.

Yes, I ought; but do I? I fear not; and why?

I am resigned to my position in life: in fact, I could not have expected anything better, and I might have been placed, at my age, in much less favourable circumstances than those in which I now find myself: it *is* a shame—ay, and a sin—for me to grumble: I swear I never will again.

I then open my ledger, and peg away at the bills for a couple of hours, when my assistant, as I must still call him, returns.

I close the ledger, not sorry, on the whole, that I have a decent excuse for a pause in, or rather for terminating, my occupation: "Well, Willie, have you finished your round? and how have you got on?"

"Yes: very well," is the laconic reply, as he proceeds to enter his visits and prescriptions in the day-book.

I rise from my seat, and stretch myself, as I have seen bank-clerks do on the rare occasions when I have paid a visit to the old Lady in Threadneedle-street.

"You have not been out since dinner?" queries my assistant, pausing for an instant in his occupation, and looking up at me for a moment out of the depths of his clear gray eyes: eyes that haunted me day and night, until I found out that they were the counterpart of his mother's.

"No," I reply: "I have made out nearly a couple of hundred bills:" and as I say this I can scarce restrain myself, by no uncommon effort, from taking the young fellow in my arms and telling him who I am.

He is writing again, presently he looks up, "*Papa*," and stops in great confusion.

"Yes?" I say, interrogatively, not appearing to have noticed the term applied to me: but he excuses himself.

"I beg your pardon, Dr. De Vere—it is from hearing the children; I really did not mean——"

"You may call me 'papa,' if you like, Willie," I say calmly, though my heart is nearly bursting with the thought that his exclamation has evoked.

"You have been a father to me, indeed," he says, with emotion,

"since I have known you; and I never can thank you and Mrs. De Vere sufficiently for all your kindness."

There was the very opportunity I had been longing for; let me tell him all: no, I should lower myself in his esteem, and that I cannot afford to do.

"I don't know what I can have been thinking about," he continues apologetically, and ignoring my permission granted him to make use habitually of the expression he had inadvertently employed.

"Pooh! pooh!" I say in my turn: "it is not any consequence, my dear boy: nothing will please me more: I only wish you really were my son: is your father living?"

A cloud passed over the young man's brow; he looked up at me for an instant, and then turned to his work again: "No."

The negative was evidently wrung from him by an effort.

I must follow up the advantage I have gained: "Do you remember him?"

Again the negative is wrenched from the depths of his being, and as the word passes his lips he sighs.

"Let me be a father to you, Willie," I say, and would have said more, but my emotion chokes me, and I cannot.

"You have been—you are—I have never known what it was to have a home until I came into this house."

I held out my hand to him; he grasps it warmly between both of his, and I am on the point of opening up to him my whole heart, and telling him that I am indeed his father, when the carriage drives up to the door, and in another minute my wife and cousin rush into the surgery.

"O cousin," exclaims the latter, "we have had such an adventure!"

"It is a special Providence," cries my wife, "that we are here to tell you of it: you'll never catch me going into town with that brown horse again."

"What has he been up to now?" I ask.

"Fancy," continues my wife, "he commenced to dance and turn round in the most crowded part of Oxford street.

"Any damage done?" I inquire hastily.

"No," replies my wife.

"Thank Goodness!"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

SEVEN days! seven weeks have elapsed since my cousin came among us, and we have become accustomed to her ways, and she to ours: poor woman! hers has been, truly, a sad life.

An only daughter, a spoilt child, the "Norman blood," that once coursed so proudly through her veins, now flows more leisurely, if not more quietly than of yore, the "pride" with which she was once accustomed to comport herself, has suffered many an overthrow, and is, now, I may say, fairly trampled under foot, or rather feet; the feet of her husband, who, despite his ancient descent and honourable name, is a churl, the companion of churls, an unlovable and unloving man,—a man who has lived for but one idea—revenge.

He married my cousin to revenge upon her a supposed wrong, not his own, but anothers,—a wrong of which she was unconscious, and but feebly, if at all—not guilty, but, what shall I say? the unwilling cause? Yes, of which she was the unwitting and unwilling cause.

She was a flirt then, I will not deny it; but was there no excuse for a high-spirited, vain, beautiful, and motherless girl, whose time hung heavily on her hands, when, the season over, her father quitted his house in Park-lane, for Aubrey Castle? Surely there was.

It was not her fault that foolish young Lawrence took her flirtations with him *au serieux*: and did the deed for which she was doomed to suffer all her life.

It is quite certain that a systematic course of brutality, which, however, kept itself sedulously within the law, should break a spirit however high, and debase, in time, a nature however noble.

No offsping blessed, or cursed, the inauspicious union; the domestic tyrant refused the pleasures, occupations, and companionship to which his victim had hitherto been accustomed, and by degrees she sank to the level of himself.

"As the husband is, the wife is," sings the poet, and his words are truth.

> "Thou art mated with a clown,
> And the grossness of his nature shall have weight to drag thee down,
> Yes, it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day."

I had heard rumours of all this: but the busy active, life I led caused me to pay no great attention, to take no great interest in them, if you will: yet I was terribly impressed by the reality, when I was able to judge of their truth with my own eyes and ears.

Poor Clara: she had flirted often: had she ever loved? I doubt it.

Was it likely, then, when she was almost forty that the tender passion should be awakened in her breast?

I feared it. Feared it for her sake, that is; not for his, he was cased in armour of triple steel—at least, so I thought; but I was once more mistaken. Poor Willie!

As I have already remarked, Jessie was not getting on so favourably as we would have wished in the shop she had taken by my wife's advice and with my entire concurrence.

How could it be expected: She was quite unused to the *rôle* which we had almost forced her to assume: it would take time for her to get accustomed to her new and strange position; but in the end all would be well.

So I said, and thought; but in the meantime, one morning, just after eating her breakfast, poor old Mrs. Josephs had another fit, and though I was immediately summoned, died in a few hours, leaving her granddaughter, the only child of her only son (the old lady had been twice married) without a relative in the world, on father's or mother's side.

Of course, my wife went to the poor girl at once, and did all that kindest, truest sympathy, could do to lessen the weight of the heavy blow with which an overruling Providence, in its inscrutableness, had seen fit to afflict her.

Other consolation she had, too, of some of which, at least, I was, at the time, unaware.

Mr. Browne took advantage of the poor girl's lonely position to press his odious suit, and finding himself more scornfully repulsed than ever, did not hesitate to threaten, vaguely, what he would and could do to "punish" Jessie for what he was pleased to term her "insulting conduct."

I suspected that my assistant had done what he could to console the mourning granddaughter for her loss; but I could not be sure of it. I never missed him from his post, it is true; but he had many opportunities, while on his daily round of visits, of calling in to see her.

He had told me once, whispered in my ear, that he was engaged to be married; but to whom he had not said, nor had I asked him at the time: it was no business of mine then, at all events; now, when I knew who he was—at least, when I felt convinced in my own mind of the intimate relationship that existed between us—I had a right to ask him, and I should do so at the earliest opportunity. Jessie was a nice girl, a pretty girl, and I believe a good girl; but she was no wife for my son.

Ah! good gracious! how I ramble on! my son! the relationship between us? well, it was not one to be proud of, not one to boast of overmuch; not one of which I could even tell him, since the revelation must overwhelm him with shame, not on his own account, but on that of his parents, of his mother.

His mother? Was I even sure that he was Mary Morrison's son, Lady Goldenthorpe's son? and if he was, was he mine? Clara had said that his mother—I mean, that Mary Morrison had been

twice-married, and I had jumped most unwarrantably to the conclusion, that her son was born previous to her first marriage. I must ask my cousin to tell me some more particulars about—about—

"Hullo! what is the matter?" this to Willie, who suddenly enters the surgery, where I have been meditatively dreaming for some minutes: "Hullo, Willie, what is the matter?"

"He looks excited, flushed, irritable even, and does not answer me directly.

"At last, when I am about to put my question for the second time, he says: "Nothing; I have been walking rather fast."

"Willie"—I begin, and am about to add, "you are equivocating—you are not telling me the truth;" but something in the expression of the young man's face, and the nervous manner in which he clutches the pen with which he is preparing to enter his prescriptions in the day-book, warn me that I had better not press him then: he is angry, that is plain to be seen? he has been irritated, and there is no wisdom in questioning an angry man against his will: so I leave my question unspoken and the surgery, and join my wife and cousin in the drawing-room.

"Cosmo," exclaims the latter, as I close the door behind me, "it is almost settled now."

"What is?" I ask.

"The divorce business," she replies, "Fletcher and Tugwell [her solicitors] have told me, that everything will be ready in a fortnight more, and that when the case comes on it cannot occupy more than a day or two, and that I am certain to succeed."

"I hope you will, Clara."

My wife looks at me imploringly, as much as to say, "My dear husband, is it not dreadful?"

She is the daughter of a clergyman, and thinks of the awful words, "whom God hath joined let no man put asunder."

Quite true—"whom *God* has joined;" but what if the devil were the forger of the links? why, the sooner they were unriveted the better.

To please my wife, I change the subject, and say: "You have not been to the Academy yet, my dear."

"No, papa."

"Well, I shall not be busy in the afternoon to-morrow, and we can have the carriage and drive there."

"Oh, thanks! will you come with us Clara?"

"To the Royal Academy, Maria; not for worlds, my child: I might meet *him* there, and until all is over I wish to avoid that sight."

"You are quite right, Clara," I answer, and am about to d

once more into the forbidden channel, when my wife breaks in with,

"How is poor Jessie to-day, papa?"

"I don't know, my dear," I reply; "I have not called there, there was no occasion; the poor old lady will be buried to-morrow, Jessie has nurse with her, and—oh! I forgot, I suppose I must go to the funeral to-morrow; so we shall have to put off the Academy to some other opportunity."

"I intend going," said my wife.

"To the funeral? do you?" thus I, in some surprise.

"Yes: decidedly."

There was nothing more to be said: when my wife announced her determination to do anything in that quiet, self-possessed manner, she meant it, and experience had taught me that it would be most unwise on my part to attempt opposing her determination.

"Has Mr. Page come in yet?" inquires my cousin, who cares nothing for Jessie, or her grandmother's funeral.

I do not like the too evident interest taken in that boy by my cousin: she is a married woman yet, at all events, and almost, if not quite, old enough to be his mother: I must give her a piece of my mind; but, on the other hand, she has so treated sundry other morsels of that commodity of mine which I have, unasked, intruded upon her, that I do not, somehow, seem too ready to repeat the experiment, though I have a strong desire to do so.

As I have not answered her question, my cousin repeats it somewhat more imperatively; and my wife answers for me, "I think he has, Clara; I heard his foot on the stairs a moment or two ago, going up to his room."

"He is an awfully nice boy: do you not think so, cousin?"

"This was addressed to both of us. I reply unhesitatingly in the affirmative; but my wife gives a more qualified assent, though expressed by the single monosyllable, "Yes."

And yet my wife is fond of Willie, too; that I am quite sure of: why, then, should she hesitate to join in praising him?

Is it that she has remarked my cousin's evident partiality for the youth, and means to countermine? I expect so. I know she once thought of him for Ethel; but that project, which, of course, under the circumstances is impracticable, she has long since renounced, for she believes him betrothed to her *protégée*, if not married—and so do I.

For my part, it irritates me, almost beyond endurance, to think that any one should have a larger share of his affections than I—which is unreasonable, and foolish, too, on my part; but I lay no claim to an overplus of wisdom, or reasonableness either, which is a sort of wisdom, too—in fact, I half suspect, and I imagine that

many of my readers will agree with me, that I am somewhat of a fool.

Well, as long as no one tells me so openly, what does it matter? I am what I am. I did not make myself, or lay out my own destiny, though I may, and probably have, shaped it—at least, to a certain extent, else where is the vaunted "liberty" of which we boast?

The fact is, I love the boy—my boy!—so deeply, that I have, selfishly, grown to look upon him as my own especial property, and I cannot bear the thought that anyone else should be sharer with me in the love I have the better right to.

It was time, high time, I tried to disabuse my mind of such preposterous notions; ah, yes! high time; but I could not foresee what was about to happen. Heaven! if I could but have foreseen, guessed even, how differently things might have turned out.

But I must not anticipate. Let me indulge myself in the pleasing delusion while I may; to my sorrow, no "Joy cometh in the morning."

Jessie's grandmother was buried, next day, in the Hebrew cemetery, to which persuasion she, as I had all along believed, belonged. Jessie was of Jewish descent, notwithstanding her English surname; for the sons of Abraham not unfrequently adopt the names of the people amongst whom they have cast in their lot.

Could a Jewess marry my boy? I suppose so. If she did, she would not be the first of her race who had taken a Gentile for her husband; her religion would be no obstacle in the way if she loved him.

Did she? I often asked myself the question, and could never give myself a satisfactory answer.

Sometimes I thought she did, as often I imagined she did not; and then I felt more kindly towards the girl than when I held the contrary opinion.

Why should they not marry? She was well educated, in every way suitable to him; why should they not become husband and wife?

It was simply impossible that I could do without his assistance any more. The pittance I paid him would be insufficient for their support if he did marry; I must increase it: I must take him into partnership. During the nine months he had been with me, my business had increased considerably, so that I could well afford to do so, and I would. Yes, I would; I shall talk to him to-morrow.

But once more I am anticipating. Jessie's grandmother was buried in the Jewish cemetery, no one being present on the occasion but Willie and myself. My wife stayed with the poor lonely girl, whom we went in to visit on our return from the grave.

"She has borne up wonderfully," confides my wife to me when we are alone, "wonderfully!" And continues, "Do you know, papa dear, that that horrid man, Mr. Browne, has called, persecuting her, every day; is there nothing can be done to put a stop to his villanous conduct?"

"I can only think of one thing, my dear."

"What is that?"

"Get a husband for her," I reply, with a forced smile, for my heart bleeds at the thought, and probably from a combination of causes. Love for him whom I believe to be my son, on the one part; and—must I confess it?—a certain inexpressible feeling, which is certainly not love, but something not far from it, for the girl whom I do not like the idea of seeing the wife of another, and, least of all, of Willie Page. I am a selfish brute. I must and shall conquer myself; I shall, and will!

After the funeral, even had we been so inclined, it was too late to think of the Royal Academy. But on the following day we went, my wife and I; Willie having volunteered to see the patients for me in the afternoon.

"Take a cab," I had said to him, just before we drove away.

"Oh! I shall soon run them over," he replied, "and shall have done long before you return."

Miss E. Thompson's "Roll Call" was the great hit of the Exhibition that year, and when we had gazed our fill at the wonderful canvas, we drove home. The children had not yet come in from their afternoon walk in the Park; and I was rather surprised, I must confess, to find Willie and my cousin alone in the drawing-room.

## CHAPTER XIX.

I STARTED back in astonishment, as well I might, for the sight I witnessed almost took away my breath: my cousin and assistant were sitting on the sofa, and he was in the act of kissing her as I opened the door, whilst one of her arms was round his neck and the other round his waist.

I was perfectly astonished! I beat a hasty retreat, of course, and descended to the surgery; I dared not meet my wife, and I feared she might do as I had done, and entering the drawing-room unawares, see more than she had bargained for: evidently there were faults on both sides, and Sir John, after all, was not so much to blame as I had supposed; but Willie! why I thought he was engaged to Jessie.

Well? supposing even he was, might he not be acting on the advice of the poet, who tells us,

"When we are far from the lips that we love,
We should certainly kiss the sweet lips we are near."

Which may be a pleasant way of passing the time, though the morality of the amusement is, to say the least of it, questionable, and the consequences—uncertain.

I had thought the occupants of the drawing-room were too much engrossed by each other's company to have noticed my intrusion; but I was wrong, for my assistant followed me downstairs almost immediately, and walked quite coolly up to the desk where I was standing. I did not venture to look at him, for despite the affection I had for him, I felt naturally somewhat indignant at the liberty I had seen him in the very act of taking, not only with my cousin, which was a matter of no consequence whatever, but with another man's wife, which was quite another and much more serious matter.

Yes, for the first time since the commencement of our acquaintance I felt indignant and angry with Mr. Page, and was thinking how best to commence the lecture, I had made up my mind to give him, when he anticipated me by saying.

"I hope Dr. De Vere, you will not mention what you saw upstairs to Lady Clara; it was altogether my fault, I can assure you, and I am very sorry."

"Sir," I replied, as sternly as I could, for really and truly I felt much more like laughing at the tragic solemnity of the young fellow's manner, "Lady Clara, my cousin, is quite old enough to take care of herself—she might be your mother; but you are perhaps not aware that she is another man's wife."

"I know Sir John Tennyson is her husband, Dr. De Vere—her legal husband, that is to say."

"Well, sir, do you consider that an excuse for your conduct?"

"My conduct is inexcusable, Dr. De Vere, and all I ask of you is to visit your displeasure on me, and not on your relation."

"H'm!" I said, as gravely as possible, looking up at him for the first time, since he had joined me in the surgery, "I should not have thought you capable of such conduct, sir."

He seemed quite composed, and remained silent, but did not raise his eyes from the floor; evidently he was expecting me to say something more, but I did not know what to say, felt pretty certain that if the young man had not received some encouragement—a great deal, I should say—he would never have acted as I had seen him; but he was a manly young fellow to take all the blame on his own shoulders, and run the risk of losing his character and situation for the sake of screening the person who had led him astray.

"What do you think I ought to do in such a case?" I continued, keeping my eyes fixed on him, to see how he would look when he raised his eyes from the floor.

"Order me to pack up my things, and leave your house at once."

"Is that what *you* would do in my place?"

"No, sir."

"What, then?"

"Say nothing more about it."

I burst out laughing, and held out my hand, saying, "You are a cool fellow, Willie, and I will take your advice, my boy; but mind, it must not happen again."

He looked up at last, and as our eyes met, I noticed a faint amused look in his that puzzled, and—must I confess it!—annoyed me, too, a little: I felt I had acted rather magnanimously, and here was the object of my magnanimity actually laughing at me; the reflection was not gratifying to my *amour propre*.

But stay, doubtless it was not at me he was laughing, but at the ludicrous position in which I had surprised him: no doubt, no doubt that was it.

"Hullo! where are you off to!" Seeing him take up his hat.

"I have not seen any of the patients, yet, sir," turning very red, as he spoke.

"You young scamp! well, then, be off,—you have not much more than half an hour before dinner; I'll put up some of the medicines by the time you are back."

"Thanks," and the young fellow darted off, doubtless very glad to get out of the scrape so easily.

I know I ought to have been very angry, to have scolded him seriously, and generally to have assumed a highly virtuous and offended air; but, I don't know how it is, I very seldom do the thing I ought, and I fear there are a good many people in pretty much the same predicament. At the usual time the dinner-bell was rung, and we all assembled in the dining-room.

"Where is Willie?" inquired my wife, glancing round the table, when we had all taken our places.

"I suppose he has not come in yet," I replied; "he has some people to see, and has not been much more than half an hour out."

N.B. Since my cousin's arrival at the Terrace, our dinner hour had been altered from two o'clock to half-past six, a change that neither suited my taste nor my digestion; but in which I was, *nolens volens*, compelled, from motives of politeness, to acquiesce.

I noticed that every time the door was opened my cousin looked up to see who it was that came in, but she made no remark, and my wife said nothing more until the things were being taken away, when she said to the maid: "Jane, keep the beef warm in the oven; Mr. Page has not had his dinner, and will want it as soon as he comes in."

"Is he coming back?" suddenly inquired my cousin, looking up at me, with a curious expression in her features.

"Coming back!" I repeated in some little astonishment, for I had really, for the moment, forgotten all about the episode in the drawing-room of which I had been an unfortunate witness: "Coming back! of course; what on earth is there to prevent him?"

My cousin laughed: "Oh! nothing of course, only I thought—" and then stopped, in some confusion.

My wife noticed her manner, and gave me an inquiring look, as much as to say, "What is the matter now?"

I took no notice, however, of her mute appeal, but proceeded to say "grace," and dismiss my satisfied flock to their lessons or amusement; which done, I pushed the decanter to my cousin, who helped herself and offered the wine to my wife, who declined; we usually at the same hour had many things to talk about, we three, my cousin's affairs, her chances in the forthcoming suit, her many troubles and trials, and so forth; but on this day we sat quite silent. I was puzzled, perplexed, bothered, what you will, but felt most deucedly uncomfortable, and I am quite sure Clara felt much the same; but my wife? what was the matter with her?

Presently she sighed.

What could it be? had she surprised my elderly cousin and young assistant, as I had unwittingly done?

Not likely. If she had, she would have said something about it before this, of that I felt perfectly certain; for she was not, in general, a person to keep her thoughts to herself, especially when she believed she had a duty, however unpleasant, to perform.

What was the matter? why did she sigh?

"What is it, my dear?" I asked, as she, for the second time since dinner, sighed appearently quite unconsciously.

"What is what?" inquired my wife, starting at the sound of my voice.

"What are you sighing about, my dear?"

"I, sighing? oh! really, papa, I'm sure I don't know. Did I sigh?"

"Yes, twice," said my cousin.

"Do you believe in presentiments?" this quite suddenly turning to Clara, who laughed, and said,

"Presentiments! no, why do you ask?"

"I don't know, but I can't help thinking something is going to happen."

"How ridiculous!" I replied, "Why, mamma, one would suppose, if you were not a teetotaler, that you had been having too much wine."

"I hope you are right, my dear," replied my wife; adding, "I cannot help my feelings, you know."

As this was a truism that called for no remark on my part, I made none; and my wife, rising almost immediately, retired, followed by my cousin, leaving me the sole occupant of the dining-room.

I had a good deal to do, however; and after smoking a pipe, as was my usual after-dinner custom, I, too, rose and went into the surgery; there were about five and twenty prescriptions to be made up, and I had promised to put some of them up for my written, who, strange to say, had not yet come in. It was a job I hated most cordially, but I commenced nevertheless, and my mind being pre-occupied, I got on better than I should otherwise have done, and had finished them all before I had even noticed that I had began my task.

"Very strange," I thought to myself, "that that boy has not come in! I wonder what can be detaining him?"

Patients then began to drop in, and my attention was otherwise engaged than in wondering what had become of Willie Page. The tea-bell was then rung, and on repairing to the dining-room once more, I found all the family assembled, with the same exception —Willie Page.

What on earth had become of him? I could not make it out at all.

"Has Mr. Page returned?" presently inquired my cousin.

"No," I replied.

"He is late," remarked my wife.

"Yes," I returned, "he is; I cannot imagine what is detaining him."

"I hope nothing has happened to him?" continued my wife.

"Pooh," I said, "What could have happened to him? Willie is perfectly well able to take care of himself——"

"You have not had a quarrel, you two?" inquired my cousin, looking at me with an expression, as much as to say, "on my account, you know."

"Oh, dear! not at all," I replied; "what should we quarrel about, Clara?"

"How can I possibly tell?" inquired my cousin evidently relieved; "but you men fall out about such trifles, now and then."

"Do women never fall out?" I inquired, by way of saying something, rather than for the sake of information.

My cousin and my wife both laughed; and the latter, glancing round the table, gave the signal for our young ones to retire, which they obediently did in their usual order, single file, the eldest leading.

When they were gone, my wife, turning to me, said, "You may laugh at me if you please, Cosmo; but I am sure, I feel sure something has happened to that poor fellow."

It was such a rare occurrence for my wife, at least of late years, to address me by my baptismal name, that I positively started, and, looking at her with astonishment, exclaimed, "Good gracious, Maria! you are enough to drive a man mad with your ridiculous nonsense!"

"Very well," replied my wife, with another sigh, "I only hope you may be right, my dear; but, take my word for it, something——"

I did not wait to hear the rest, but rising impatiently from the table, returned to the surgery, where some more patients were by this time assembled.

Amongst the people who were waiting for me was a messenger from one of the patients whom I had deputed my assistant to see during the day, and this person had come to inquire why I had not called.

"Mr. Page," I replied, in answer to the messenger's inquiries, "has been, and you shall have the medicine sent in the course of the evening. How is she to-day?"

"Much worse, doctor, which it is the reason we have sent, being surprised you has not called to-day."

"No, I could not manage it myself, but Mr. Page has——"

"Which you'll excuse me, doctor, he has *not*, and that is why I am here, being anxious-like."

"Mr. Page has not been?" I remarked, in some surprise, and beginning to feel that something must be wrong.

"No, doctor, that he has not, and my sister would like you to step round yourself, which as she would prefer seeing you, doctor."

"Very good," I replied, "I shall see her as soon as possible; and in the mean time, perhaps, I think you cannot do better than go on with the medicine which I sent her yesterday."

"Which you'll excuse me, doctor, she has took it all, and worse she is, rather than better, and we should prefer if you'd look round yourself."

"Very good," I answered, somewhat impatiently, I am afraid—"very good; I shall not be able to go just yet, for there are a number of people waiting, as you see; but I shall look round as soon as I possibly can."

"Which I thank you, doctor, and hope you will excuse me being so pressing."

"Certainly, certainly!" I replied, showing the messenger out as quickly as I could, but she was unwilling to go without me; and, on reflection, thinking that the patient might really be worse, and as she lived near, I determined to run round at once, and get the business over.

Telling the page therefore that I should not be a minute, I put

on my hat and followed the messenger to my patient's residence, which was in the next street. The poor creature was decidedly not so well as when I had seen her last, and I felt glad that I had not deferred my visit until a later hour. Still there was nothing very alarming the matter, and after reassuring my patient and her friends, I returned home, wondering what had become of my assistant. "What can have happened to him? has he run away, ashamed of himself, I wonder?" and was greeted, on my entrance, by the page thrusting a card into my hand, and saying,

"The gentleman is waiting, sir, and he has a cab at the door, and you are to go with him directly."

Glancing at the card, I saw "J. Smith, House Surgeon, London Hospital," I hurriedly entered the surgery, where I was addressed by a stranger, who said,

"Dr. De Vere, I presume?"

On my replying in the affirmative, he continued,

"It is a bad case, I fear, sir; but——"

"But what?" I cried with impatience, interrupting him—But I must leave the sequel for my concluding chapter.

## CHAPTER XX., AND LAST.

My heart bleeds, and my courage fails me as I approach the terrible catastrophe. What poor creatures we are at the best! and how little we know what an hour may bring forth for the strongest and healthiest!

The breaking of a spring, a restive horse, a missed step, a drop of water taking the wrong direction in its downward course, and we are gone—whither? Alas! who can tell?

"It is a bad case, I fear."

"What is?" I inquired, with a terrible dread of the answer I expected.

"Severe internal injuries," continued my visitor.

"Who?" I exclaimed, somewhat incoherently.

"He gave me your address, and asked me to go for you," continued the stranger, and seemed so distressed and anxious to see you, that I took a cab at once, and ——"

"Is it,—can it,—I will go at once with you," and I rushed out of the house without waiting to communicate with my wife, or the shoal of patients who were waiting for me in the surgery.

Neither of us spoke a word during the interval of leaving my house and arriving at the London Hospital; and on reaching the latter place my guide at once led the way to the accident ward, where I witnessed a sight such as, I hope, may never again meet my view, and which, to my dying day, I never can forget.

Poor Willie! poor dear boy! my own dear son! As I felt certain he was, from the overwhelming emotion that I experienced at the dreadful spectacle of his pallid and disfigured face.

"O my boy!" I exclaimed, as I involuntary fell on my knees beside the bed, "how is this? what has happened to you?" and as I spoke, I pressed my lips to the pale and blood-stained brow of my first-born—for he was my son, I felt so at the time, and now I know it.

He smiled, in spite of the agony he was suffering, and whispered, "It is an accident; I daresay it wont signify."

"You must not talk," interposed the House-Surgeon, speaking in a kindly and commiserating tone of voice, for which I blessed him from the bottom of my heart. "You must not talk; I will tell your father how it happened."

Ha! he too, a stranger, saw a resemblance, then, between us; I had myself, at times, imagined that his face recalled my earlier semblance, though he was strangely like his mother. Ah, well! who would recall the past, even if it were possible to do so?

"From what I can gather," continued the House-Surgeon, "soon after he left your house, your son saw a child on the point of being run over by a passing van and rushed into the middle of the crowded street to save it; by the merest chance, or miracle rather, from what I have been told, he succeeded in doing so, and at the same instant, a cart coming at a rapid pace from the opposite direction knocked him down; he was struck in the face by the horse's foot, and the wheels of the vehicle passed across his chest."

I felt like one just sinking into a narcotic sleep, or succumbing to the anæsthetic influence of chloroform, and could only murmur, "My boy, my dear boy!" while the tears, which it was impossible for me to restrain, rolled freely down my face.

The House-Surgeon touched me gently on the shoulder, and said, "Come, come, my dear sir, courage; you must not agitate yourself, or our young friend; he is young and strong, and could not have two better adjuvants; in a few days, I trust, we shall have him all right again.

"O God!" I mentally exclaimed, "the wish is father to the thought; but alas!"

"Might I see my wife?"

"Your wife!" exclaimed the House-Surgeon, evidently surprised that one apparently so young as his patient should be a married man.

"Jessie?" I asked, without, on my part, the slightest feeling of astonishment or wonder: he had told me once, in confidence,

that he was engaged to be married, and at the time I thought it was to Mrs. Josephs' granddaughter.

He replied in the affirmative, and I looked at the House-Surgeon, who replied, "There can be no objection."

"Shall I go to her now, Willie?"

"Please," very faintly.

Once more I kissed my poor boy, and left him to fulfil his wish.

On reaching the shop where Jessie still carried on the business of stationer and newsvendor, I found my landlord, in the act of serving the poor girl with a notice to quit; he required the premises for his own use, he said.

"It does not signify in the least what you require them for, sir," I interposed; "Mrs. Page is not going to remain here any longer."

The old man stared at me in utter astonishment, and Jessie turned crimson and then deadly pale.

"You know," she gasped.

I nodded my head affirmatively, and turning to Mr. Browne, said, "You have finished your errand, sir: there is no further occasion for your presence here; I have important business, important intelligence for this young lady."

"No doubt, sir, no doubt," replied Mr. Browne, beside himself with rage; "but this is my place, sir, and I shall stay as long as I please."

"If you do not leave at once," I replied, stamping my foot on the floor, "I shall send for a policeman and give you in charge."

"God d——n my soul, sir!" stuttered old Browne, beside himself with passion.

"I hope he will," I returned; "and if you don't go out of this at once, I shall give him an opportunity of doing so sooner than you may wish."

My landlord, cursing and swearing, and vowing vengeance on me, took my advice, nevertheless, and went, leaving me alone with Jessie.

"Jessie," I began, when the horrid old man was gone, "Jessie, my dear girl, be prepared for sad, sad news."

"What can it be?" she asked, turning very pale, and looking as if she were about to faint; has anything happened to Mrs. De Vere, or any of the children?"

"Oh no. Willie——"

"What about him?" inquired the girl, with less of feeling than I expected.

"He has been run over and very nearly killed."

She clasped her hands, and then pressing them to her eyes burst into tears.

"Where is he? does he want me to go to him?"

"In the London Hospital. He does."

"I shall be ready in a moment," and Jessie rushed upstairs.

I called the shop-boy, and desired him to put up the shutters, which he did with alacrity, as I had further said that when he had done so he might go home.

Just as the boy had finished, Jessie came down stairs, dressed to accompany me to her husband, her eyes red and swollen with tears.

My heart softened to her once more, and taking her hand, I whispered, "Courage, my dear; while there is life there is hope."

She said nothing, but returned the pressure of my hand.

"Come."

"Oh?" she exclaimed suddenly, turning from me; I have forgotten my latch-key."

"Never mind," I said, "you can get it another time; come."

"But I shall never be able to get in, if I do not bring it with me."

That was true, so she ran upstairs, returned in a minute, and we drove off, neither speaking a word until we reached the Hospital gate.

"Is there any hope?" she faltered as we entered the porch.

"Yes!" I could not trust myself to say more.

"Let me go up by myself?" she asked entreatingly, as I was about accompanying her upstairs.

The request was reasonable, and I remained in the hall; presently the House-Surgeon came down. "How is he?"

"Much the same."

"Have you any hope?"

He shook his head. "The injuries are severe, but while ——"

"Don't say that," I interrupted hastily, "I am a surgeon myself, and know the value of that stereotyped expression."

"They are a very youthful couple," remarked the House-Surgeon; "has your son been married long?"

"No," I replied, and continued, "I did not know of it until to-day."

A "sister" joined us at the same moment, and addressing the House-Surgeon, said, "Mr. Smith, the young lady wishes me to ask you if you think her husband can be removed home?"

"Not at present, certainly," replied Mr. Smith with decision "I could not be answerable for the consequences; and, stay, Sister, I had better go up, I think."

He went, leaving me uncertain how to act; if we had him home, he could be as well nursed as in the Hospital, or better, and I should feel happier to have him near me. "I'll go up and speak to Mr. Smith, and see."

The House-Surgeon, however, was inexorable, and even insisted on our taking our departure at once, promising that we should be sent for immediately if a change for the worse were to take place during the night. I was fain to be content with this assurance, and returned home in a sadder frame of mind than I had ever before approached my domicile. I insisted on Jessie coming with me; it was not fit for her to stay alone.

"What will Mrs. De Vere say?"

"Nothing."

Nor did she, dear good little woman; she cried and kissed Jessie, when I told her the sad news, and whispered words of comfort to us both.

The few patients who had waited so many hours in hopes of seeing me were then dismissed—I was utterly incapable of attending to them, and at last we went to bed; but I never closed my eyes all night, for I was in momentary expectation of a call from the Hospital. None, however, came, and towards morning I fell into a troubled sleep.

Directly after breakfast I hurried off to the London, having persuaded Jessie to wait until she should hear from me, and had the happiness of finding my dear boy very much better.

So much improved was he that the House-Surgeon saw no objection to his immediate removal home, an opinion in which he was confirmed by the visiting surgeon on duty; and as my brougham was at the door, he was forthwith carried down, and in a few minutes we were at home, where, with the assistance of the House-Surgeon, who had accompanied us and my coachman, he was taken upstairs, and put into our room and bed; a proceeding against which he remonstrated, but on which my wife, tenderly kissing his poor disfigured face, firmly insisted, "We shall bivouac finely in the nursery, Will," she said, and I loved her, for her kindness to my boy, more than I had ever done. "If she only knew, though, who he was!"

I was very hopeful, so were we all. The House-Surgeon said he would see him every day.

Jessie was installed as head-nurse, of course, and my wife was a most able second. Clara offered to take her turn, too, but her offer was declined, and she did not repeat it. Yes, all would soon be well. Alas! what poor things we are, to be sure! On the following morning I was grieved to find that my boy had not passed so good a night; he was feverish, he had spat a quantity of blood, which had not been noticed in the dim light of the sick room, and there was an indescribable look in his face that filled me with the gravest apprehension.

"Dr. De Vere," he said to me, with a faint smile, and in a feeble voice as I approached his bed, "Dr. De Vere——"

"Say father," I said, interrupting him, and pressing his hand.

"He smiled, returned the pressure, and continued, "I want to see my mother; I must see her! Will you wire to her, and ask her to come up at once—there is not much time to be lost."

"Oh, Willie," I exclaimed, "you will be all right soon; cheer up!" but my heart belied my words.

"Will you?"

"Certainly. Who is your mother, and where am I to wire to?"

"Lady Goldenthorpe. I suppose she is at Aubrey. I have not heard anything of her for years."

"Willie!"

"No: when she married again I left her. I had a trifle of money of my own, and I determined to study for the medical profession; my father was a doctor."

I felt an icy chill at my heart. He was not my son, after all; still he was the son of Mary Morrison, and he wished to see her, must see her. He was dying, there was no disguising the fact; he had not seen her for years!

I complied with his request, but Lady Goldenthorpe was not at Aubrey; she was at her town residence in Park Lane, however, and came to us in a very short time. She was very little altered; I knew her directly, and I fancied that she started slightly when she first caught sight of me.

I was not present at their interview, nor was anyone; but in half-an-hour or so I was requested to speak to her ladyship in the drawing-room. I obeyed; my mind was too much pre-occupied by the thought of my poor young friend to think of the past, and I treated Lady Goldenthorpe with all the formality of a stranger.

"He wished me to speak to you," she said, "and thank you for all your kindness to him—" here she broke down, covered her face, and burst into tears. I thought it better not to interrupt her, and she presently continued, "He is a dear, good boy, but wayward; he was offended at my second marriage, and left me; and to think of my meeting him thus!" Here she sobbed and cried passionately, and I could not find a word to say to comfort her. Presently she looked up at me, and said, "Do you remember me?"

"Perfectly."

My wife here came in, and addressing us both, said, "He is asking for you. We hurried from the drawing-room to the chamber of death; for alas! we were but in time to receive the last smile of our dear one.

Jessie, in tears, was kneeling by the bed. "Mother!" feebly whispered the dying man, looking from Lady Goldenthorpe to the weeping girl beside her, "Mother, wife!" and it was all over.

In a paroxysm of grief I rushed from the room, and throwing

myself on the drawing-room floor in an agony of grief, exclaimed, in the words of the poet King of Israel, "O my son, my son! would God I had died for thee, my son!"

My instinct had not deceived me. After the funeral I had a private interview with his mother, and she told me all—he was my son; he was born down in Devonshire at his grandfather's, and three months' after her son's birth she had married the surgeon who attended her, Mr. Page, whose son Willie had always believed himself to be, and who loved him as his own child.

I have not much more to tell; Lady Goldenthorpe carried Jessie away with her, and after a while, no doubt, the young widow will make a brilliant match; she has already forgotten her young husband, I have been told; she has certainly forgotten us; we met them by chance this past summer, and while the elder lady bowed distantly, the younger looked another way, affecting not to see us, my wife and me. Never mind. I console myself with the thought that "'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."

Sir John Tennyson has not won his case, for the Queen's Proctor intervened, and Lady Clara has returned to Locksley Hall. I have engaged the "bricklayer" as out-door assistant; he lives with my coachman, and gives complete satisfaction to my patients, who unite in thinking him "clever."

Our former baby is a dethroned king; for a successor, whom the children have unanimously named Willie Page, is reigning in his stead; and I hope soon to be able to leave Essex Place for a more desirable residence further out of London, which has grown hateful to me since my irreparable loss. Ah, my poor boy!

"On hasty wings thy youth is flown:
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolick WHILE 'TIS MAY,"

THE END.

# RECOLLECTIONS OF AN INDIAN MAGISTRATE.

## THE VILLAGE HEADMAN.

THE district of Backergung is the great rice-field of Bengal, and is split up into little fields which, when the the crops are on them, are very beautiful to look at. The people being poor, these fields are, as a rule, held in partnership, which often gives rise to much misunderstanding and contention. One such field was held between two ryots, named Esoodeen and Ashruff, and when the crops on it were ripe for the sickle, the farmers fell out.

"Why, what is there to fall out for?" interposed a common friend. "Why not go to the field together, and after reaping the harvest, divide the produce equally?"

"Well said," observed another; "one can take no advantage of the other if both agree to act in concert."

Esoodeen and Ashruff admitted the force and good sense of the suggestion, and agreed to act in accordance with it; and they eventually fixed a day and hour for proceeding to the field together to cut down the crop.

"Well, here we are!" exclaimed Ashruff, on arriving at the field, with four others, at the appointed time; "but I don't see that Esoodeen is coming."

"He will be here shortly," said Aladee, a brother of Esoodeen. "He has sent me, in anticipation of your arrival, to ask that you will not set to work till he comes."

"Why, wherefore should we wait for him now?" said Ashruff. "The hour was fixed by mutual agreement, and I have surely no time to waste. You can go and tell your brother that we have commenced work here, since he would not come."

"My brother was certainly wrong in expecting courtesy from a dog like you," said Aladee. "Cut away, then, if you like. For your four men, I will get eight, who will cut on my behalf."

"You may get twenty men, if you like," responded Afzool, one of the companions of Ashruff; "but if you don't teach your tongue manners, I will cut it out of your head with my sickle."

This led to further words, and Aladee being particularly quarrelsome, became excessively noisy and abusive.

"Peace! or I will dash your brains out!" exclaimed Afzool, brandishing a stick in his hand. But Ashruff, being less hot-tempered, interposed, and said that the best thing to do would be

to go and complain to the village headman against Esoodeen, who had evidently sent his quarrelsome brother, instead of coming himself, to insult and pick a quarrel with them.

"I will see you righted," said Dhulloo Mean, after listening to the complaint of Ashruff and Afzool. "Esoodeen has got his head turned ever since he left this village, six months ago, to live in the next. He requires to be pulled down a step, and I am the man who will do that for him." He then sent a *peada* to summon him to his presence; but Esoodeen said that he was no ryot of Dhulloo Mean's village, and in no way amenable to his authority; and he blankly refused to come to him.

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed Dhulloo Mean; "and so Esoodeen has become too great a man now, to come at my bidding? Why, the distance is not very great, surely, to travel; and if Esoodeen wont come to us, we shall go to him."

Dhulloo Mean repaired to the field personally, a few days after, at the head of about one hundred men, all armed with spears and clubs, and after making some cursory inquiries regarding the crops marched thence to Esoodeen's house.

"Will he come out now that we are at his own door?" asked Dhulloo Mean, of a man named Chota Kazee, who was at the head of the party.

"No; he says he is unwell, and cannot come out."

"This is the very plethora of insolence," exclaimed the headman. "Break into the house now, seize everything that you can lay hands upon, and spare no one you may find there."

*Shabash!*" exclaimed the party, as they proceeded to give effect to the order with great alacrity.

The door of Esoodeen's house was battered down, and the house forcibly entered. Resistance was offered by Esoodeen and his brothers, notably by Aladee, when Chota Razee, anxious to distinguish himself before Dhulloo Mean, speared him twice successively.

"Faugh! how weak-armed you are!" cried Aladee, as, turning round, he struck Chota Kazee smartly on the head with a club; and, satisfied with the return blow he had given, he was running off from the ground, when he stumbled over the stump of a tree.

"Now it is our turn to strike again," said Zainoollah, another partisan of Dhulloo Mean, "and this time your doom is death. Look at him, look at his coward face! See how he shivers! Surely it is all over with him." And so it was. He had been speared again, for the third time, and lay stark dead.

"Well, Kuttubooleen, I hope the headman will see us out of this business, in which we have got entangled only to oblige him," remarked Chota Kazee, to another partisan of Dhulloo Mean, who had been as active as himself.

"I fear," answered Kuttubooleen, "that the matter has gone further than the headman's protection will cover. He has got his own head in the same nooze with ours, and will have work enough to extricate it if he can."

Four persons only were brought to trial for the affray, namely, Dhulloo Mean, who had instigated it; Chota Kazee and Zainoollah, who had successively speared Aladee till he died; and Kuttubooleen, who had aided and abetted them. They were all convicted; the first three being sentenced to transportation for life, with imprisonment, and the fourth to five years' imprisonment; all with labour and irons.

The produce of the rice land was very equally divided between Asbruff and Esoodeen; nor were any subsequent quarrels between them heard of.

### THE RENEWAL OF ACQUAINTANCESHIP.

It was just getting dark when Mednee Mahtoo, of Hazanebagh, asked his wife Sukhee to light the lamps.

"There is no fire in the house," said Sukhee; "but wait a moment, and I shall get a light from one of our neighbours."

A gang of dacoits attacked the house immediately after, with loud shouts of "Ah! Ah!" which indicated that they were Mahomedans, and the inmates of the house, aware of their danger, tried to secrete themselves or to fly. Mednee Mahtoo was the first to bolt, and effected his escape through a filth drain. His two sons, clambered to the roof of the house, where they remained unnoticed; but the rest of the family were not equally fortunate. One grandchild and his mother had hid themselves in a large rice basket, but were discovered and dragged out; two others of the house were met with in the courtyard and captured; and when the mistress of the house came back with a light, she also was seized upon.

"God of Heaven!" exclaimed Sukhee, "what does this mean? and where is the master of the house in this predicament?"

"Yes, where is the master of the house?" demanded the robbers with her. "Produce him, and we may yet come to a peaceful solution of the difficulty." But the master of the house was nowhere to be found; he had run off to the adjacent village to raise the alarm.

"Now, woman!" said one of the dacoits, addressing Sukhee, "we pity you sincerely, seeing that your husband has left you in the lurch, and shall show you no hostility if you will deal frankly and reasonably with us. Will you give up quietly all the money you have in the house?"

"Money!" exclaimed Sukhee with affected surprise. "I really don't know that there is any money in the house."

"Oh! if you have forgotten all that your husband told you about it, we will give you a gentle reminder to refresh your memory;" and they touched her with their burning torches, which at once set fire to her clothes.

"I did not want this reminder, friends," said Sukhee mournfully and in pain. "But if you will misuse your unresisting victims you are welcome to do so. We can give no information of what we do not know ouselves."

"The old wife is too knowing to blab. Let us touch up our other prisoners a little. We may perhaps find them somewhat more complaisant."

They accordingly beat and burnt the others they had got hold of; but the experiment did not succeed. Their victims shrieked in affright and pain; but they could say nothing, perhaps had no information to communicate.

"Well, do you like the torch-fire, mistress?" asked the dacoit who was standing nearest to Sukhee. "Perhaps you have not got enough of it yet?"

The eyes Sukhee raised to his face were swimming in tears, but there was also a light of intense disdain flashing through them.

"Oh, thank you for what you have done to me," said she. "I have been wishing to thank you for it all this time. If you will lend me your torch for a moment I shall show you instantly how I take the fire."

"There, that's a plucky girl, Sookera," said the chief dacoit; "one who will fight you hard in the dark, and perhaps beat you hard in the bargain. But you have yourself to blame, mistress, for what you have suffered. We warned you before we touched you up with fire."

Sukhee gave no answer, and the dacoits perceiving that no information was to be pumped out of her, began to break open the rooms and boxes, and to dig up the floor of the house in all directions. They were armed with pickaxes and crowbars, as well as with guns and swords, and busying themselves in plundering and ploughing up the house for nearly three hours, they got out almost everything that had been concealed underground; and Sukhee saw with regret that her reticence, and that of the household, though it had caused so much pain to them personally, had been of no benefit to her husband.

"Now, woman, your danger is past and we are off," said Sookera, as the dacoits began to leave the house. "You and I have not been very good friends to-night; but I appreciate your hardihood."

"And those who appreciate yours," said Sukhee, "are coming; don't you hear them?"

The woman was right. Mednee Mahtoo had succeeded in gathering people from the adjacent village to aid him, and these were rushing forward to the rescue of his property. But they were not equal to the work, being unarmed except with clubs. The dacoits discharged a gun at them loaded with duck shots, which wounded two persons; two others were wounded with swords; and seeing that this checked the ardour of the villagers considerably, the dacoits took the opportunity to decamp with their booty in the direction of Maroo.

"It will not be a very difficult task to run after and capture them," observed one of the villagers.

"Perhaps not, so far as mere pursuit and capture are concerned," replied another; "but it will be a very difficult task now to take up the right parties."

This turned out to be the case. There was a large number of arrests; but the eye-witnesses of the dacoity could only pick out two from them, namely, Sookera and another named Edun, as having been concerned in the attack. The evidence of Sukhee against both of them was decisive.

"You asked me how I liked the torch-fire, Sookera. I liked it so well that I have come into court to renew my acquaintance with you, and it will be no fault of mine if the *hakim* does not reward your courage and activity adequately."

The *hakim* took the lady's recommendation in good part, and both Sookera and Edun, being convicted, were sentenced to imprisonment with hard labour, for seven years each. The rest of the prisoners had to be released.

## THE KOOKIES' BLOOD FEUD.

THERE are many wild tribes settled on the frontiers of Assam, of whom the Nagas and the Kookies are not the least important, The two races differ widely from each other in outward appearance; the first being well-formed and lofty in stature, while the second are short-sized and comparatively mean-looking, though they are equally active and muscular. They are also both equally wild and barbarous, and have the reputation of being the most barbarous of all the hill tribes in that quarter; and they are equally ready too to wage war to the knife on the slightest provocation. The consequence is that they are constantly quarrelling; a Kookie or a Naga village at peace is a rarity.

In their own village of Simkar, the Nungai Nagas were collected in large numbers to celebrate the *Gena* or *devotee poofah*, a mysterious religious rite, from which strangers are always very carefully excluded. The village was well ornamented in barbaric

style, with spears, bucklers, and swords, bows and arrows, Indian banners, pendulous plates of brass. There was also the usual round of feasting, drinking, and singing; and at night, the revellers indulged in torchlight dances accompanied with animating music, albeit it was harsh and discordant.

The feast had become unrestrained and noisy, and spirituous liquors were being poured out and drank in large quantities, when the Nagas were surprised by the sudden appearance of some armed Kookies amongst them.

"What is this that I see?" exclaimed Nunsaling, the *gaumboorah*, or chief of the village. "Who has guided these warriors hither at a time when the presence of strangers amongst us is especially interdicted?"

"We have come hither ourselves, great Eagle," said the Kookie spokesman, "to ask your permission to pass through your village with all our warriors on an elephant-hunting expedition in the east."

"The King of the Vultures has chosen a strange time to make this request of us," replied Nunsaling. "It would be a desecration of sacred rites to allow your people to pass through our village now. But your wish can be gratified hereafter, if you will defer it."

"The Lord of the White Eagle forgets that the elephants will have dispersed themselves in the forests if the expedition is delayed."

"Ah, brother! I must not forget one thing," said Nunsaling, "and that is that this is the feast of the *Gena*, the most sacred of our festivals. You should not have come here at all now; you cannot proceed further at present. I have said it."

The Kookies, thus dismissed, were accordingly mortified, and strode away angrily.

"We must have our passage through the village," muttered the spokesman to himself, "even if we have to fight for it."

Next morning, a party of about 150 Kookies, all armed with spears, hatchets, bows, and shields, and ready for battle, entered the village with clamorous yells and shouts. The Nagas were taken by surprise, but fifty of them sprang forward as one man to oppose the assailants. Nunsaling was, however, anxious for peace, and forbade the fight; but neither side attended to the prohibition, and a fierce encounter was begun by the pelting of stones and ended with the free use of spears. The whole fight did not occupy more than fifteen minutes, but it resulted in one Naga and two Kookies being severely wounded, after which the Kookies retreated without being pursued.

The Kookies retired, but only to concoct further mischief.

"My brother is dead," observed Mangjakam, a Kookie chief, and we cannot stop at this stage of the feud."

"No," said Manga, another chief of the tribe, "we must have vengeance, or the spirit of the dead will rise up against us;" and two days after, a fresh party of Kookies, about 300 or 350 strong, came against the Nagas to repeat the fight. The Nagas, being unprepared to resist such a strong force, fled—all except the *gaumboorah*, who, having prohibited the fight on the previous occasion was not apprehensive of personal ill-treatment. In this, however, he had miscalculated—The Kookies no sooner saw him than they began to cry out from all sides, "kill him! cut him down, shoot at him!" while three of their chiefs advanced towards him, by one of whom, namely, Mangjakam, he was struck down and killed, after which the Kookies retreated and dispersed.

The three Kookie chiefs, Mangjakam, Manga, and Leolall, were tried for murder. The plea set up by the first was that his elder brother, their former chief, having died of a spear wound received in the first encounter with the Nagas, he was required by the custom of his tribe to avenge his death. It was for that purpose only that he had collected an overpowering force against the Nagas; but there was no continuation of the quarrel after the fall of the Nunsaling, when blood was washed out with blood. He was not conscious, he said, of having done wrong in killing the Naga; it was absolutely necessary that the spirit of his dead brother should be appeased.

Manga and Leolall, in their defence, admitted having accompanied Mangjakam in the attack, but said that they had taken no active part in it, and that it was not usual amongst them to do so. They were not sorry at what had happened, but on the contrary were glad of it. Both the deceased chief and his brother had ever been friendly to them, and this, they said, justified the part they had taken in the quarrel. "The blood-feud," they added, "is now at an end, for blood has been shed in exchange for blood."

As the habits and circumstances of the wild tribes were so peculiar, it was considered sufficient to punish the crime perpetrated by sentencing the first prisoner, Mangjakam, with five years' imprisonment, and the other two with two years' imprisonment each. "Blood for blood" is the creed of almost all the wild tribes in India; and they allow no one to exact reparation but the aggrieved.

## THE SIBPORE AMAZON.

"WHERE is Arun?" asked Tara Chand Pál, an inhabitant of Sibpore, in the Hooghly district, of his wife Srumutty, on his return home after work in the evening.

"Oh! he has gone with Taree Kyburtinee, and has been with her the whole day. I wonder why he has not come back yet; but he must be here soon, so you had better rest a little after your labours."

"No, I can't rest till I see him. It is very unfriendly of Taree to detain the boy so long;" and the father walked about the compound of his house restlessly, anxiously awaiting the return of his son.

Arun was the only child of his parents, a smart boy of about eight years, who, though well petted, had not yet been spoilt. He had attended a village *patsháld* in the morning, and had returned from it a little after ten o'clock, after which he was seen playing by a tank near his father's house. At this time Taree Kyburtinee came to his mother to borrow a little oil, and the child followed her both into the house and out of it again, speaking to her volubly and with a radiant face, perhaps captivated by the promise of a painted rag or doll. Arun had on his wrists two silver *koras*, valued at four rupees, and a small *dhote* round his loins.

It was beginning to get dark, and Arun had not yet returned. The father therefore began to get very fidgetty, and the mother also was uneasy.

"The road is in a bad state," said Srumutty, "and there is the tank also to pass by. It is very wrong of Taree to detain a child of eight years so long."

"I had better go over," said the father, "and bring him back. I do not like this long delay. What if anything should have happened to the boy?"

Srumutty's cheeks turned pale. She looked up to her husband's face, and her eyes followed his with a restless, searching look. "Why, what do you fear, good man? if anything had gone wrong with Arun we would surely have heard of it 'ere now. I suppose you are trying to frighten me."

"No, my dear," answered Tara Chand; "but you should not have allowed the boy to remain out so long. I will bring him immediately."

With a beating heart and rapid uneven steps, the father hurried through the fields and lanes to fetch back his boy, and reaching Taree's hut gave a sharp pull at the latch, which brought her out to the door at once. But she had an unsettled and frightened look, and spoke also in an unusual voice.

"You take me quite by surprise, neighbour, by coming at this late hour. What can you want with me?"

"I want my Arun. My wife says that you brought him away with you from her, at between eleven and twelve o'clock."

"No, I did not bring him away. He came only a short distance, speaking with me, but went back immediately after."

"Went back! where to?" asked the father, staggered by the information.

"To your house, of course. I don't know where else the child could go to."

Tara Chand did not return home that night. He searched for his son all over the village, and was loyally assisted by several of his neighbours. Srumutty sat up alone in the house, with a dim *chirog* burning by her. There was no news whatever of little Arun.

. . . . .

"At what a pace you are running, neighbour!" observed one villager to another, early the following morning. "Whither are you running, and what for?"

"Can't you know? the body of a little boy has been found on a dungheap, near Taree Kyburtinee's house, with his throat cut, and I am hastening to give information at the *pháree*."

"Ah! that must be poor Arun, then. Who could have done hurt to the child?"

The excitement in the village rose to fever pitch; but the mystery was soon unravelled. The house of Taree Kyburtinee was searched by the police, a *kastiàle*, or reaping-hook, was found hidden near it, at a place where a cow was kept, and marks of blood were observed in several places in the house, with marks of bloody fingers in two places on the mud wall.

"What does this mean, Taree?" asked the *pháreedar*.

"Oh sir! I will make a clean breast of it," said the woman in reply; "only do believe that I have not committed the crime."

Her story was that the child was killed in her house, and with her reaping-hook, not by herself, but by one Goorooprasod, with whom she was criminally connected. She repeatedly said that she had no hand whatever in the murder, and was not even at home when it was perpetrated. She only entered the house when Goorooprasod was stripping the corpse of the two silver *koras* worn on the wrist; and on her remonstrating with him at what he had done, she was given two rupees as hush-money, to conceal the crime.

"Then, where is Goorooprasod? Can you help us to get at him?"

"I don't know where he is now, sir," was the reply. "He must have fled, leaving the noose ready for me."

Taree was not mistaken in her surmise. She had deserved the noose, and it was ready for her. There was no doubt that she had enticed the child to her house, for the mother had seen the child accompany her joyfully. It was barely possible that she had an accomplice in the crime, for there were marks on the boy's body to

show that he had struggled, which allowed of the inference that he was held down by one person while his throat was cut by another; and as the silver *koras* were not found in Taree's house, it was not unlikely that they had been carried off by the accomplice, whoever he was. But, on the other hand, it was not impossible for Taree herself, who was a stout, strong-looking woman, to have done the whole job alone, as she was fully capable of overcoming a child of eight years, and of carrying the corpse to the distance where it was discovered.

The case against Taree being sufficiently clear, she was convicted of murder, and sentenced to suffer death.

The mother of poor Arun went mad.

## THE TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.

SHEREPORE is the extreme pugunnah of the Mymensing district and borders on the Soosung and the Kureebaree hills, which are inhabited by uncivilised Garrows. The people of Sherepore are akin to their neighbours, and are so ignorant that they can be twisted to any belief. About a hundred years ago a Mussalman *fakir*, named Kurreem, appeared amongst them as a reformer and soothsayer, and proclaimed a new creed which partook of deism. He drew many men after him, both of Sherepore and the hills, though, from the novelty of his doctrines and the discipline of the sect, there were many others who gave his followers the uncomplimentary nickname of *panguls*, or madman. For all that, Kurreem died with the credit of having been a good and pious man, and when his mantle fell upon his son Teepoo, the latter found a large following attached to him. His influence over the hillmen in particular was so great that he could get them to believe and act in any way he wished, and this put into his *pangul* head the idea of becoming the *badshah* of Sherepore. He sounded his followers on this point, and the response he received from them was very encouraging.

"We are willing to obey you in every thing, master, if you will only get us relieved from the Zemindari exactions called the *mathot*, *khurcha*, and *begari*. Assume the raj by all means, and sweep out the whole revenue system with a broad new broom."

"We shall do that surely," said Teepoo; "but you must wait with patience for the day and the hour—every moment is not equally favourable for such an enterprise."

The day and the hour came, and Teepoo found his followers well prepared to give effect to his designs. Their antipathy was greatest against the Zemindars, and the disturbances were commenced by several being seized and maltreated, while others were carried off to the hills.

"What madness is this?" cried the magistrate, irritated by the reports he received. "Have the *panguls*, from being religious disciplinarians, come to hatch plots against the State?"

"Yes, it seems to be madness with a method now," replied his deputy. "They are propagating widely that the British Government is drawing to a close, and that Teepoo Fakir has been chosen by God to be his especial vicegerent in the district of Sherepore and the hills; and bands of armed *panguls* are parading through the district in every direction, exciting the rest of the ryots to rebellion."

"We must lose no time, then, to bring them to reason. I never expected that they would become so troublesome and turbulent, and had hitherto looked upon them rather with compassion than anger; but the excitement has now reached a height that makes further forbearance criminal."

Constrained to take prompt measures to put down the disturbance, the magistrate marched against the *panguls* at the head of a military party, the result of which was the loss of several lives and the destruction of some seventy-six villages, followed by the apprehension of the principal offenders, which at once restored tranquillity to the district.

"Now, Teepoo, what did you mean by this pitiful game you started?"

"What game, sir? I don't understand you."

"The game of treason and rebellion, man, with which you stand charged!"

"I am guilty of neither, sir. I am possessor of a *fakir's durgah*, the same which had belonged to my father. The people who visit me there offer *Srini* as to a saint, and I confess that there were some very large gatherings there lately, but only to obtain my blessings that their hearts' wishes might be fulfilled."

"What was the burden of their wishes? Were they not particularly anxious to overturn the Company's *raj*?"

"Certainly not, sir, nor would I have blessed such wishes if I had suspected that they were ever entertained."

"Then how do you account for the rough treatment which some of the Zemindars have received at the hand of their ryots?"

"I am quite unable to account for that, sir. Doubtless the Zemindars and their ryots had differences of their own to settle. I know nothing about these secular matters, sir."

"But you have yourself been seen roving about the district with armed men: what was that, sir?"

"Oh, sir, I cannot prevent myself from being followed by several men wherever I go; and owing to the disturbed state of the district some of these people did carry with them both swords and

fire arms. But I had no hand in arming them, and I believe that they were not armed with any criminal intent."

"Do you mean to say that you never said or did anything to excite the ryots against constituted authority?

"I never did neither, sir."

Nothing very atrocious was proved against the prisoner, but it was clearly established that he had dissuaded the ryots from working on the woods and from paying rents to their Zemindars, and that he had also assured them that he would soon become their king. As this, however, did not constitute treason, he was simply convicted of seditious practices and of disturbing the peace, for which he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment with labour.

### THE TWO BROTHERS.

HOLAS KULWAR and his wife were both old people, who had led an honest and industrious life, and lived latterly in retirement in the village of Beecheea, in the district of Shahabad. Almost all the savings of the old man had been converted into ornaments for his wife, and these the old lady always carried about her person as memorials of her husband's love. They had no children, and no near relatives, but were friendly with all their neighbours, who were constant in their inquiries after them.

One day the neighbours of Holas saw a young man of about five-and-twenty come to his house, and they observed that he was known to the old people, and was well-received by them. Holas's wife gave him water to wash his feet, and some sweetmeats to eat, and they heard the stranger say to her: "Oh, aunt, I have brought the medicine you asked for. It will cure you of your pain in the loins; but don't be afraid if it stupifies you." After this, they saw him sit down in the house to cook some rice and *dàl*, and then they went to their work in the field.

When the neighbours returned home in the evening there was consternation and dismay among them, for they found both Holas and his wife dead in their house, and that the stranger was gone.

The alarm was instantly given, and the police inquiry, which followed, discovered that the ornaments which the old wife was in the habit of wearing, and other valuables, which were known to be in the house, had disappeared.

The description given of the stranger by the neighbours was so precise that the police had no difficulty in apprehending him; and he evidence of the witnesses clearly identified the man, one named Toolsee Kulwar, who was produced before them as the person they had seen in Holas's house in the morning. But this was stoutly

denied by Toolsee himself, and he produced evidence equally good and satisfactory that he was at work the whole day at a different place, which he had not left even for a moment till he was sought for by the police.

"This is really very strange!" said the magistrate. "I don't know what to think of this matter. But the *alibi* has been so clearly established that I must discharge the prisoner."

The prisoner thanked the magistrate, but before withdrawing from the Court said, that it was, perhaps, in his power to clear up the mystery.

"In the name of goodness, then, speak out like an honest man. This is a most serious case, and I would not have discharged you but for the very clear and direct evidence given in your favour."

"May it please your worship, I have a brother who very greatly resembles me, and he has not led a good life of late, and has been absent from home for some days."

Ah! this is speaking to some purpose," said the magistrate; and the police, thus guided, were not long in arresting the brother.

The person now brought forward was named Hurkoo, and was characterised by the police as an old bird, that is, an arrant rogue. He made a confession; but it was only a partial one. He admitted having mixed certain intoxicating drugs with the rice and *dàl* he prepared for the old people, which stupified them; but he strongly maintained that on becoming insensible they were strangled, not by him, but by a female named Sookputtea, and that the trinkets and other property belonging to them were then carried off by him and Sookputtea together. This, Sookputtea affirmed, was a most impudent assertion and untrue. What was true was, that he had lodged the property he carried off from Holas's house with her for a time, she being ignorant then as to the manner in which it had been acquired; and, as there was no evidence to criminate Sookputtea, she was released.

"Now, what evidence is there against this man besides his own confession?" demanded the magistrate. "Will the neighbours identify him as the party they saw with Holas and his wife on the day on which they were murdered?"

The prisoner stood forth, and the neighbours were brought forward to recognise him; but, with one exception, they all maintained that, though the resemblance between the two brothers was very great, they saw no reason for changing the testimony they had given before. They laboured apparently under the idea that it was necessary to adhere to their former evidence for consistency's sake, and conveniently forgot that Toolsee had established an *alibi* in the clearest manner possible.

One of the neighbours only deposed that on closer examination

he perceived that his former evidence was inaccurate, and that Hurkoo, not Toolsee, was the man he had really seen at the house of Holas; and, on this corroborative testimony Hurkoo was sent up to the sessions for trial. He was there convicted, but was allowed the benefit of the doubt arising from the evidence of the other neighbours to this extent, that an irrevocable sentence was not passed on him. He was punished as an accomplice in murder, with transportation for life.

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## WHAT THE ANGEL SAID.

Oh! come with me: for gloomy is thy brow,
The noisy city is both dark and drear:
It is not meet that thou shouldst linger here;
But come and wander 'neath the greenwood bough,
Where rest and peace are found, for wearied hearts enow!

Oh! come with me: dim is thine azure eye,
The morn of youth tints not thy youthful cheek,
Not, as of yore, I hear thee laugh and speak;
Not, as of old, I see thee seldom sigh:
Quit, then, this spot for one beneath a bluer sky!

'Tis love surrounds thee with its magic power!
Yet, oh! to loving, put not faith in man,
He loves life's rose to leave it lone and wan:
But come with me, where never fades a flower,
And "poet birds" sing round an ever-blooming bower!

Come, then, to where a bridegroom waits for thee!
Unknown to man is His celestial love,
That love that *never* did inconstant prove!
Come "sister spirit!" come to Heaven with me,
On seraph wings arise, immortal bride to be!

CECIL MAXWELL-LYTE.

# LEAVES FROM LIFE.

## BY LAUNCELOT CROSS.

### NO. IV.

### BUSINESS.

"Have we Business in our rank,
With blood i' the veins?"

AURORA LEIGH.

"For we have to solve the uncertain problem of selecting from those most multifarious papers what is worthiest and most important, so that it be grateful to thinking and cultivated minds, and refresh and forward them in many a province of life. GOETHE.

"These are the ways to thrive,
And the means not cursed."

*The Beggars' Bush*, BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

BUSINESS is the child of Poverty. It begins by deeming all it is, and all it possesses, as nothing: that all that can make it a something has yet to be gained. Even as Maximin in the menial exercise and exhibition of his powers. "Thracian," said Severus, with astonishment, "art thou disposed to wrestle after thy race." "Most willingly," replied the unwearied youth, and almost, in a breath, overthrew seven of the strongest soldiers of the army. The hero performed his wonderful feats before an emperor, prostrated his large ability, as though he knew as well as our laureate's anonymous bard,

"That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things;"

for on this he made his own first advance towards the imperial purple. Business in its origin never forgets the spirit or the practice of such acts: its condition is *Servitude*, its very religion is that of Saadi, Make thyself dust to do anything well: obedience ensures greatness.

It meditates upon and inures itself in the earliest dawn of its actions, before the hosts are formed for the battle, to what heroes have shown in the golden hours of success,—self-imposed, perfect *Humility*. Dentatus, though he was the greatest man in Rome, had subdued the most warlike nations, and driven Pyrrhus out of Italy, cultivated a little spot of ground with his own hands, and after three triumphs lived in a cottage. But Dentatus in his glory was not more meek than the business man in his obscure beginning. He is ever ready to stoop, to bow the knee, to kneel low.

This does not preclude great things, but will accomplish them. The sweet Persian took upon himself the duty of water-drawer, till found worthy of having his mouth moistened with the water of immortality. It delivers a man in his direst straits. We see this in the most ancient judgment, when Noah took into the Ark the beasts and fowls that lay down before him, but those that remained standing he abandoned. Humility, indeed, is sovereign of all

> "The powers that tend the soul,
> To help it from the death that cannot die,
> And save it in extremes,

and will secure our hero ever from retribution due to his own errors, even as the subtle Jacob, on meeting the incensed Esau, bowed himself to the ground seven times, and God gave him grace in his brother's eyes. He will not, however, abase himself to such a thoughtless and mistaken position, that, like Gibbon in his courtship, he has to be assisted up again. He is lithe and nimble: as quick to rise as to bend: and in doing the latter he foregoes none of his manhood, but rather declares its completeness, holding with Plutarch, That to know to obey requires a generous disposition, and as rational an education as to know how to command.

To faithfully execute its trust, Business must be found to be of *Industry* and *Honesty* all compact. No fairy favours does it look for; but straightforward hard work. Its parable was declared most intelligibly by Mahomet, Bey of Tunis. Deposed by his subjects, he was restored by the Dey of Algiers, on condition that he would reveal to him the secret of the philosopher's stone, which he was reputed to possess. Mahomet, with great pomp and solemnity, sent the dey a plough. Mahomet was as correct as the dial to the orb of day; and the matter was as distinctly announced, although in another fashion, by Artaxerxes, when a poor man presented him with a very fair and great apple, and he cried, By the Sun! 'tis my opinion, if this person were entrusted with a small city, he would make it great.

By *Honesty*, we do not mean abstinence from theft,—the filthy negative thing so popular—aye, and of money value, too, in the markets. We do not use our words in any qualified, or half sense, as is the custom of trades; but in the full opulence of the meaning. Honesty is not restricted to the eighth commandment, but to the keeping of the whole decalogue. Honesty in Business refers to intents and hourly actions: the doing of all things well,—punctually, patiently, thoroughly,—as though each matter was a rendering of "dues to man and God." And it is, so to say, incorporate with unwearying industry. Virtue, said one of the old, writing of Demos-

thenes, like a strong and hardy plant, will take root in any place where it can find an ingenuous nature, and a mind that has no aversion to labour and discipline. And our honest, succulent Rabelais affirms the truth in his own fashion when he affirms that, As all the country was idle, it could do no virtue.

Thus much of the earliest hours, the condition and primal energies of Business. Now, briefly, as to its *Object*. We cannot find words for our design more delicate and precise, than those of our treasured Hooker, who, with strange prescience, shows it as descending from, the Kingdom of God, which truly has to be The first thing in our purposes and desires. But inasmuch as a righteous life presupposeth life; inasmuch as to live virtuously it is impossible except we live; therefore, *the first impediment we endeavour to remove is penury, and the want of things without which we cannot live*. Now the only implement by which that is gained is Business; call its character by any caste-epithet you choose, it is still simply, solely Business: find for the Object of Business any galaxy of words you like, none shall better, few so well, declare than—the removal of penury. Afterwards, we grant, it broadens and brightens. In the first day-dawn of success, the horizon enlrrges and a new and more distant goal is seen. The Business man recognises a value in the very continuance of his endeavours: the prolongation of his action amidst his fellows presents in itself a record beyond the obtaining of daily bread.

> "For all his life the charm doth talk
> About his path, and hovers near,
> With words of promise in his walk,
> And whispered voices in his ear:"

He wins esteem, troops of friends, attracts public regard, and he cries, with Bion, Glory is the mother of years. Naturally, he then digs deeper and builds wider; after honour, he begins to look for fame, and his policy may suffer a humane change: not keeping everything to itself, but sacrificing to men or opportunity: foregoing much or yielding more, with the spirit of Pompey, who would not lead Tigranes captive at the wheel of his chariot; but declared, in language that has sounded through all after-ages,—I prefer the glory that will last for ever to that of a day.

It is now time to examine the constitution and sentient principle of Business: to look closely into the thing itself. It is a complex mechanism, but as we have already said it possesses organic unity: it is, in fact, a true representation of the paragon of animals, man himself; and under that form, a combination of the concrete and the etherial, we shall consider it.

The skeleton, the framework which is clothed upon, and inhabited by all the finer substantialities, is *Confidence*. The ribs of confi-

dence are of adamantine proof: it has powers of resistance, of endurance, and yet is jointed throughout to suit the services of flesh and spirit. In times of prosperity we shall find the robes of Business looped up by their owner in Cæsar's way: his affairs wear a royal aspect, from the assurance gained by the triumph of confidence and the firm footing he occupies by virtue of it. Then, on enterprises of great pith and moment, he is supplied by it alone with the needful resolution, with the inner strength which commands all outer strength, and makes vassals of men and nature's forces. This has been evidenced by warlike heroes through the centuries of time, over all the earth, from Hindoostan to Mexico, from Dalecarlia to Isandula, from the Assyrian to the Peruvian and the Abyssinian conqueror. No less doth it appear in the man of Business. He assumes the object to be gained, the prize to be won; all between himself and the attainment a mere playful, though at times difficult exercise, intended rather to qualify him for the enjoyment than to secure the possession of his object.

"He bears himself with such a confidence
As if he were the master of the sea,
And not a wind upon the sailor's compass
But from one part or other was his factor,
To bring him in the best commodities
Merchants e'er ventured for."

In dark moments it has a divine potentiality. When prophets fail, and present substance seems to melt from beneath the feet, the sword to vanish from the grasp, and all things to try the heart, this

"Saves it at last from its own ruin.
The parting spirit fluttering like a flag,
Half from its earthly staff,"

renews itself under the inspiration of confidence, and defies once more all tempests and the breath of battles. It will then catch at at every jutting, frieze, buttress to sustain itself by: find the music of hope in any chance syllable: accept any call or summons to new endeavours, or to substantiate the old. During a pause in the Roman consultation as to whether the site for the capital should be at Veii or at Rome, it happened that a centurion, who then commanded the day-guards, as he passed the house, called with a loud voice to the ensign to stop and set up the standard there, For that was the best place to stay in! These words being so seasonably uttered, so strangely filling up the momentary silence in the debate, at a time when all were doubtful and anxious about the event, Lucretius, who was about to speak, instead of wordy argument, gave thanks to the gods, and embraced the omen, while the rest gladly assented. Veii might have been the world's capital: a

seasonable exclamation which confidence made its own, yielded the glory to Rome. And so, at any time, in the humblest affairs a word gives Confidence a theatre for action. But we must say that in the extremest ordeals, confidence appears to become etherealised, verily translated into a spiritual form, like to that of the angel hosts of Milton, whose texture from all the strokes of misfortune,

"Mortal wound
Receive no more than can the liquid air;"

and we see this iron anatomy transformed into a heavenly thing—nay, the heavenliest virtue itself, Faith, which maintains the earth and aspires to the stars, with lips in the dust swells the psalm before the throne of God, keeps all the present, and claims all that the future holds.

"Faith is a higher faculty than reason,
Though of the brightest power of revelation."

This is what a Business man will never part with. Particularly, no word of others shall move him from an invincible reliance on himself. Not that he is in all things capable and right—nay, that he may be weak and wrong: but being wrong he can discern the right—can rectify the wrong—make better of the worse. This confidence, then, gives the dimensions, stature, and power of a man. It is height, breadth and width: first, last, and midmost. No words shall take away—nay, all are as silence to its ears unless they come as a trumpet-call: then, they are honoured more than a man's own parents, after the manner of Alexander's affection for Aristotle, From his father he derived the blessing of life, from the other the blessing of a good life.

The soul of Business, the vital spark, the life of life, within its frame, is *Observation.* A Business man is intent on all the outgoings and incomings of the day: on all movements that particularly relate to his affairs; how they stir and thrive, how they are affected by the world outside, by political events, new undertakings, the elements, competitors, and what has to be done in the approaching days, whether to take in sail, or prepare for wider adventures. The dignity and immortal excellence of this watchful, all-seeing quality, was well set forth by Chilo when he said, That a foresight of future events, such as could be arrived at by observation and consideration, was the virtue of a man. Undoubtedly, this animating flame is only kept alive by intentness, by a continuance of attention, which withdraws itself from what lies apart from the immediate interests of the matter of Business. Dionysius, being asked whether he was at leisure, No! said he, nor do I ever expect to be! Which is exactly the case of a man during the hours of his daily duty. Other times for other things. For the present—

"All is stern collectedness and art."

Nor will he give words, any more than he will the time of his application. His fruits are his alone: nay, he cannot give them to another: a man must learn for himself. Nor can we tell how great the gains from observation.

> "Who getting to the top of Pisgah-hill,
> Can talk with one at bottom of the view,
> To make it comprehensible?"

The faculty within the soul of Business is *Vigilance.* It is quick judgment combined with quick action; the co-operation of soul and body in the instantaneous need of the hour. It watches the fitness of things, and decides when to do, and when not to do. A poor man watched a thousand years before the gate of Paradise, then, while he snatched one little nap, it opened and shut. Vigilance shakes her head at that narrative; the mendicant knew her not, or he would have stood in the burning row of the cherubim. This is essentially the attribute which makes those sovereign men who

> "See the general,
> By seeing the all-special, own no rule
> But their full vision of the moment's worth."

It is all spirit: brooks no impediment any more than thought itself. To the question of Agesilaus, whether he should have him pass through his country as a friend or an enemy, the King of Macedon answered, I will consider of it.—Let him consider, said Agesilaus, In the meantime we march.

The manifestation of vigilance or, we might say, the mental instrumentalities through which it acts, are Promptitude and Perseverance, which are the very feet and hands of Business. *Promptitude* includes many virtues which are much insisted upon, such as execution, punctuality, celerity, doing the right thing at the right time; which are really only fragments of Promptitude, and are included in it, as the lesser is included in the greater, and not be enlarged upon by us: even as Temperance, so far as it refers to eating and drinking, is imposed upon the weak; but it is an insult to expatiate on that degrading, limited sense of the word to the man who follows temperance in all things. The dominion of Promptitude has been defined by our sapient Rabelais,—For even as arms are weak abroad, if there be not counsel at home, so is that study vain, and counsel unprofitable, which in a due, convenient time is not by virtue executed and put into effect; which is ratified by the ordinance of Bacon, on the commitment of great actions, First to watch and then to speed. The proclamation has been made by religion itself. The wise man, says Confucius, is sometimes, as it were, mute; but when it concerns him to act and practise rectitude, he, as I may say, precipitates all. The Business man has no less fiery

alertness. He bides the growth of affairs, although he may be urged to exclaim at times,

> "Slow the unprofitable moments roll
> That lock up all the functions of my soul;"

but when Opportunity shows but the distant skirt of her garment, he is on the wing; Naphthali, swifter than the roebuck, beneath whose step the tassel-topped corn doth not bend, has not speed enough for him,—he hastens, he descends like Uriel from the sun,

> "Swift as a shooting-star
> In autumn thwarts the night."

None demur to the beautiful inspiration of that time, or call for slackness in the pursuit; but all admire the grace of dash and dauntlessness. Not for him the Carthagenian's taunt, upon Hannibal's pausing after the retributive day of Cannæ, Hannibal, you know how to gain a victory, but not how to use it. Nay, the lightning words of Mexico's conqueror to Velasquez, on setting forth with his fleet without orders, seem almost too slow for him, Pardon me, time presses, and there are some things that should be done before they are even thought of. Then are months condensed into days, and every hour is big with portentous actions,

> "And it is thus, some moments take the wheel
> And steer us through eternity."

But not many things are absolutely accomplished by *coups d'etat* any more than are mountains climbed in the space of a lightning-flash; certainly, education in business is not so gained. We have, therefore, to consider a necessity to which few men like to bow their necks. Heavy, indeed, to thoughtless minds is the yoke of fateful *Perseverance*. This is the manual labour, the apprentice part, the necessary building up, repairing, repeating—in a word, we are now considering the very hands of Business. As for its educational function, we recall but the saying of Periander, Practice does everything; which is as true everywhere to-day as twenty centuries ago, as true for the office boy, the articled clerk, the sailor, the buyer and the seller, as in military affairs, where practice was never more strikingly recognised than in the third ordinance of Lycurgus which restrained the Spartans from making war against the same enemy, lest, by being frequently put upon defending themselves, they should become able warriors in their turn. Perseverance, we must point out, is no mere mechanical drudgery. However powerful Habit may be to make a man's life of almost any complexion whatever, it has no relation to general, adaptative, wide-moving Perseverance, whose living and sustaining impulse has its fountains within the mind. Its quickening power is Devotion;

a man's whole soul goes towards the object in view, finding there at once pleasing activity and reward; it is exactly as Menu has declared, Devotion is equal to the performance of all duties. But everything that need be said as historical illustration is afforded by Plutarch when speaking of the first of men, who raised himself from a bankrupt condition to be the master of the world and the wonder of ages by perseverance alone. Those who envied him imagined that his resources would soon fail, and therefore, at first made light of his popularity. But when it was grown to such a height that it was scarce possible to demolish it, and had a plain tendency to the ruin of the constitution, they found out, when it was too late, that no beginnings of things, however small, are to be neglected, because continuance makes them great.

But, after all this heat and intentness, let us consider the gentle, humanising heart of Business—*Cheerfulness*. Business, although one of the mightiest of the giant brood of the stern lawgiver —Duty—that keeps the very stars from wrong, with all its hereditary severity, derives also from its parent the Godhead's most benignant grace. The deep fountain of its life is warm and ruddy and smile-producing. Inexorable in its designs as the mother of Pausanias, who laid the first stone in the walling up of the gates to make the temple of his refuge his prison and his grave, it has a pleasantness of aspect, since its labour is in itself a joy. A master of Business is not harassed by its manifold operations, though he may have anxiety respecting the fluctuations of its course, and its results. He must realise in himself Goethe's words, Happy is he to whom his business itself becomes a puppet, who at length can play with it, and amuse himself with what his situation makes his duty. It is pitiable to see men strutting about with pursed lips and wrinkled brows, as though that constituted Business, and gave their little opinions and transactions weight and importance. Why, they are unfit for the humblest social position in life's social round. Pythagorus would have spurned them, Modesty and decorum, said he, consists in never yielding to laughter, and yet not looking stern. Lycurgus, with all his iron discipline, would have ejected them from his people, for even he was not so immoderately severe in his manner, but, as Sosibius tells us, he dedicated statues to mirth in each hall. Cheerfulness invigorates every vein of business, yields it a proper warmth, electricity, lightens every care, brightens every transaction: no less is it a charm to attract and persuade others than a vital stream for a man's own sustentation: by it he wins for himself those heavenliest arms with which Maccabeus supplied his hosts in the deadliest straits, He armed everyone of them, not so much with defence of shields and spears, as with comfortable and good words.

The energy of the mind of man manifests itself in diverse ways; metaphysicians have classified these manifestations, have almost insisted that they are separate and independent things. We shall not discriminate or discuss, but accept the three most prominent phases of mental action—Reason, Imagination, Fancy—and indicate how in Business their correspondences are—Prudence, Speculation, Aptitude.

And first of the last. It is by *Aptitude* alone that a man thrives at all in a large and masculine sense. He may vegetate, confirming to the spot he is planted upon, but if he has to develop he must be ready to adapt himself to circumstances and man, which, like our English weather, are never two days alike. The dainty Ariel-Fancy, Aptitude, must be his in deed and in truth. This, though it may be deemed an airy, gossamer thing, will be found in its agencies and consequences to have demonic life and cunning efficiency. Crobylus, the Greek orator, told the states allied against Philip, That war could not be brought to any set diet. And that is the measure of Aptitude. A pleasant, but a bridling mastering faculty it is, which was that exhibited by Iphicrates, when he replied to the rhetorican who demanded in an assembly, who he was that took so much upon him,—horseman, or footman, or archer, or shield-bearer? Neither of them, said he, but one who understands how to command all these. Behold the fatality of its presence—of its absence. The Aztecs fell and fled in thousands before tens of the force of the Spanish adventurer; but had their Aptitude been equal to their courage, history had been spared one of its bloodiest pages, for they used long and deadly spears. It was with the same formidable weapon, says the historian, that the Swiss, at the same period of history, broke and completely foiled the famous *ordonnance* of Charles the Bold, the best-appointed cavalry of their day. Yes, this intelligent adaptation of means to times and occasion has a special fatefulness in it. It is a pleasing sight to note the tactics of a Business man under the extremes that visit him. He knows as well as though Beaumont and Fletcher had sung in his own year,

> "He that would use all winds must shift his sail;"

but it is an elevation of spirit to observe his greater exercise of this energy: when what seemed to others but the dust of circumstances is by Aptitude moulded into living shapes—when, under its informing touch, what were but inconsiderable trifles,

> "Like seeds of thought, and passing words of chance,
> Which buried in the mind for days and nights,
> Live, to re-rise and fructify in acts
> Of infinite significance and power."

Then we most clearly see its undeniable potency. What is thought to be a gay thing of the elements that plays in the plighted clouds, yoked to a man's purpose—

> "'Tis wondrous force
> That moves in combination multiform,
> Towards conscious ends."

But *Speculation* has even a more daring flight and wider sweep. Many think that Imagination belong to the poets alone, that to them is vouchsafed the privilege of being breathed upon by the gods, so that they are carried into the heaven of heavens, and have arcana opened to them which other mortals wot not of. This is a mighty error. Schlegel averred that, No great discovery can be made, even in mathematics, without Imagination. Even so it is, and its violent, ardent nature exists in Business under the name of Speculation. When Business ceases to greatly do—loses the romance and chivalry which fired the paladin of old—it will be but a carcase and dead thing. All the other conditions of Business yield to the rapture and daring of the time when a man sees a glorious opportunity come within his ken, for which he has waited for years. We know how, most frequently, are these schemes fallacious; if it were not so, then all men would be wealthy at a single venture, *ergo*, none would be wealthy at all. The Arab, speaking of a bag he found in the desert, said, I never shall forget the relish and delight I felt on supposing it to be fried wheat, nor the bitterness and despair which I suffered on discovering that the bag contained pearls. But it is this relish and delight that gives Speculation its play and enterprise, not the cold fact. Imagination clothes the clouds with glory, spreads the golden mist over the ravines and rugged mountain sides; and, in self-forgetfulness, shuts out all thought of possible bitterness and despair. And it must ever be so. As surely as human kind is replenished from the love of youth, which will not see the cares of household, of vicissitudes, or of age, but in the bright dauntlessness of its fervour will take its beloved one to its bosom, launch the marriage ark, and sail the seas of God, even so surely from Speculation comes the renovation and vigour of Business. After the dark and oppressive times, see how the hives of the world stir abroad, as though the day had known no cloud—as if the period of mistakes and failures had ceased from among men, as though things never faded their pristine freshness—as though, at the least,

> "The world's great age begins anew,
> The golden years return:
> The earth doth like a snake renew
> Her winter weeds outworn."

And we cannot overpraise this faculty divine, which, through

its activity does really achieve much of what in its fine frenzy it believes is, or shall be: with less transports and burning audacity the world would be left cold and grey, as at times of ruin. Thus it is its own evidence of the need and endlessness of its own existence. The world wants it, and beyond this world it will remain.

> "In man
> Judgment is life, and memory death,
> Imagination immortality."

There would be no hope after the dreary years through which the world's commerce has passed if Speculation had utterly perished. But it will arise out of present ashes, and we shall know it, when the daybreak comes, to be the very thing that it was known to be in all ages.

> "There is no more of death in thine eyes' beams,
> To hint of dust, or darkness, or decay."

It must not be thought that we speak extravagantly of Speculation; our words are those of truth and soberness. We do not claim for it an existence as something divine, and apart from all humble working. That is not its condition: it is a breathing part of the whole frame and faculties of Business upon which we have insisted: it does not sever itself from spirit or member. It has its appointed time and place of action. Therefore never will it be found in a thorough man unaccompanied by *Prudence*, which is the *Reasoning power* of Business. Before Speculation takes its flight, it has assurance from Prudence of the correct condition of things. And here we grant readily that many men get very well through the world by Prudence alone, coldly repressing all desire of Speculation, just as they get to life's end without being poets or philosophers, or wishing their companionship. But they are of the commonest clay, and the world improves not in their keeping. We rather note Prudence as the groundwork for higher greatness, and the security of higher gains. It will not unfrequently call Speculation from its loftiest flights, bring it, as falcon to the fist, bind it to the hand which makes contracts only for cash against delivery. After all, the largest space of a Business man's time, most of his transactions, must be ruled by the advice Cleanthes gave for a son's guidance, The warning of Electra:—

> "Silence, silence, gently step!"

Only by minute carefulness can we attain to greatest things: we must slowly gather together the needs of our journey before speculatively adventuring into other spheres of Business, also prepare a home for our return whether baffled or victorious. This close cautiousness is not peculiar to Business. When Lokman was asked where he had learned philosophy, he answered, Of the blind;

because they never advance a step until they have tried the ground. This keen, prudential wisdom may not be disparaged: it comes from no timidity, but is perhaps the sternest employment of the mind which exercises it. The Lacedæmonians dedicated temples to Fear. But he who records the fact, states that they did not pay homage to Fear as one of the noxious and destroying demons, but they considered it as the best bond of society. So we present Prudence, not as the slow motion of a mean, apprehensive, and unaspiring spirit, but as having closeness, resolution, a genial aspect, as forming the only safe substructure for vastest undertakings, and as the one good cement of business.

We have now, as we promised, considered Business under the figure of a man—we believe we are correct in the analogy; but, at the least, this advantage flows from such a simile, it presents our subject in a compact form for the ready apprehension of the parts and duties. We shall now speak generally of the phases of the mental activities, already set forth, which Business requires in its daily Conduct—the intellectual action, its reserve, its determinate, its momentary play.

As a central state, there must be a constant, all-pervading *Calmness*. Those who lack it are but the waifs of Business—its leaves in its gales are they, borne they know not whither—nay, a chance breath carries them from position and fortune into the shades of forgetfulness and penury. One may, on occasions when judgment dictates, be impetuous and indignant, but those needful demonstrations of passion once expended, the man will be as calm as when he directed them on his object. Calmness is the very diamond of Business; at once a gem of pure, fixed brightness. It shines on the foreheads of the angels, and its efficacy amongst mortals was thus stated by Epicurus, The man who allows himself to be influenced by it, even though he may not descend to a profound study of details, will have a great superiority of character over other men.

But calmness can only be cultivated by the man who is possessed of the imperative, tyrannously gentle quality of *Control*. The even balance of all this power is Calmness; but Control it is which holds the scale with steadiest hand. Control must be at command in foul or shine. It is declared in the Hindu, for all men's warning, that Self-control will place a mortal among the gods, the want of it will drive him into the dark abyss—to which all minds will give ready consent when uninfluenced by the hot lust of mammon, or the stronger lust of asserting their own will over their fellows. Control is security at all times. It checks recklessness of speech and deed, and it is unmoved in its central

calm, never diverted from the prosecution of its purposes by the rancour of mortified and rival spirits, or the feverish gad-flies that fill the air during fortune's noon. Through it man is ever strong in himself.

> "Thoughts which were once my master's, now I hold
> In retributive bondage, Titian-like."

The highest manifestation of calmness and control is in their unchanging fixedness, their enduringness, which gives them a loftier character, one that takes to itself a special and new name, Fortitude. The greatest gains of Business, whether to a man's soul, or to the increase of worldly goods, no less than the Paradise of Mohammed, will be found in the shadow of the crossing of swords. And in the strife our skill and power will spring from the composure and stability of our minds. As was affirmed by Antisthenes, One must prepare one's self a fortress in one's own impregnable thoughts. We must inure our faculties to all degrees of vicissitude, season them with contrary fortune, let our boast of them not fall short of Ateas when he wrote to Philip, You reign over the Macedonians, men that have learned fighting; I over the Scythians, that can fight with hunger and thirst.

There are occasions when this quality, fired by circumstances, is transformed into an impetuous, eager, dauntless creature. It closes all passiveness, gives up slow, persevering action, takes the the name of *Courage*, and braves all danger and hostility. How this was glorified in the olden times! Plutarch was smit by its strong infection, when he had to relate how Pyrrhus, with his single sword, at Erx made a rampart of bodies around him. He shewed that Homer spoke with judgment and knowledge, when he represented Courage as the only virtue which discovers a divine energy and those enthusiastic transports which raise a man above himself. The Romans had no less esteem for it than he who sang the tale of Troy divine, inasmuch, as the term which they use for virtue in general was applied by them to courage in particular; and no less need be the honour assigned to it when considered in connexion with Business affairs. This strong clamour of a vehement soul comes not from the frenzy of unthinkingness, of despair, but from the iron texture of a man's inner being, the clearness of his purpose, the firmness of his resolve. It is not exhibited alone in adventure when the tide of commerce is smiling and rising, but in achieving a success in troubled seasons, when markets are falling, and financial organisations are failing, and the only stable thing is the rate of discount, when, as sung in Festus,

> "Fear preys on all souls, like fire on paper;"

or, as more forcibly stated in the Persian tongue, The times are so

dangerous, that from terror, a male lion would become a female,—Courage will not be dismayed, nor want an object to aim at, but insists upon asserting itself and its imperiousness in Business,

> "Ask any fiery proof which may demand
> The fatal service of this loyal hand."

*Concentration*, both of mind and resources, is that which indues a man with the greatest power, and is the royalist of all the tactics of courage. As for the first, it is well known what changes have come over the characters of men who are the stars of human glory when they have altered the aims of their lives. Military heroes naturally suggest themselves at once—those whose experience has to be reversed in every mode—from the city to the battle-field, from home to the forced march, from secure social intercourse to the clang of arms, and the uncertainty of every moment. The names of such come in troops; two will suffice for our purpose. Cæsar was one; most illustrious of all. He was a man of the world in the world's capital, native there and to the manner born. A change came over him, and, thereupon, this is what the biographer says:—The wars Cæsar conducted in Gaul, and the many glorious campaigns in which he reduced that country, represent him as another man; we begin, as it were, with a new life, and have to follow him in quite a different track. Briefly, we should say, in the world's Great Commander, we have dissipation changed into concentration—the result being a change in the aspect of the Roman empire, and a greater change in the Roman government. No less was the process apparent in Hernando Cortés,—and the historian's words are as appropriate to our theme as to the conquest of a kingdom—From this hour, when it was resolved he should proceed on his expedition from Cuba, his deportment seemed to undergo a change. His thoughts, instead of evaporating in empty levities or idle flashes of merriment, were wholly concentrated on the great objects to which he was devoted. The method of action is exactly the method of the mind. Efforts and resources are made to bear on what is taken in hand, and not wasted over numerous schemes. Goethe gives us an example of the process and its result, in that volume of which Carlyle says, he would rather have written ten pages than have written all the books that have appeared since he came into the world, How he rushes with his whole force on one single object, and everything else in the meanwhile must rest and be silent; by which means, indeed, he has effected much that seemed to be beyond the influence of any private man. So is the Business man absorbed in the matter that engages his hand. Nothing else attracts him; not the allurements of the tumult, or fresh schemes in affairs outside his own; he is insensible to their attractions, intent on his difficult purpose as the armies at

Thrasymene, when there happened an earthquake which overturned whole cities, changed the course of rivers, and tore off the tops of mountains—yet not one of the combatants was in the least sensible of that violent motion.

What is well done is done quickly. But this by no means inclines a Business man to reckless haste; it points to quite a different conclusion, namely, that the well-doing bears no respect to length of time. A general surprised a fortress, but traversed a thousand miles, and watched four months before he did so. Whatever the alertness of a man's faculties, he has, under all circumstances, to possess his soul with *Patience;* events must ripen, and the world will revolve many times before Opportunity greatly presents itself. So imperative is this virtue, that he will write it as a daily precept, of which only the largest anticipation will justify the violation,—Go slow and win! and in the mastering of all his schemes our hero has no anxious unrest as to their quick issue, but charges himself with the resignation which the Persian would inculcate when he says, It is a rule of reason that the archer should have patience, for when the arrow has left the bow it will not return.

Flowing from the habit of Patience is the qualification of *Delay*, which is frequently of more importance than ten legions horsed and armed. This needs no better descriptive illustration than the answer given by Talleyrand, amidst the heat and furious hurry of the French Revolution, to the question, What will you do? I will do nothing, he replied—I wait, in which the weary, frigid politician but applied the main root of the Epicurean philosophy, which introduced the expression of Waiting, as if, before pronouncing that a thing is a tower, we must wait till we come near, and learn what it looks like when we are near it. It is by this that a man will thwart the most dangerous machinations, trip up the fiercest opponent. But it has a more eminent use, for it keeps the mind in the quiescent state necessary for the reception of the true nature of all passing affairs and men; thus:—

> "Occasion, circumstance, futurity,
> Impress on him their image; thus chance and lot
> Are sacred things."

A Business man in his dealings will specially show *Directness*, which implies precision and clearness. His purpose he sets straight before him, and his language and manner partake of this simplicity, and these greatly help him in gaining his ends. The potency of such Directness has an example, in Pyrrho, who in his investigations was never despised by any one, because he always spoke explicitly and straight to the question put to him.

This naturally requires *Brevity*, in speech, in action, and in writing. This is energy condensed, its style is the heroic, compressing a myriad of circumstances into one line, the whole range of thought, feeling, and adventure, to one act: I came, I saw, I conquered, is the diction of Cæsar, and its own, in beginning, continuing, and concluding: no less, Suwarrow's rhyming brevity, Glory to God and the Empress, Ismails ours.

Let us not, however, disguise from ourselves that although the Business man abases himself to humblest service, as set forth in the outset of this chapter, he is inflamed by the immortal spark of *Ambition*. This is a weakness which yields supernatural strength:

> "The desire of active souls,
> That pushes them beyond the bounds of nature,
> And elevates the hero to the gods."

This incentive he can only justify from its being inherent in nature, as being native to man in all his pursuits as the beating of his heart, and as speaking to him from the shining examples of the great, the good, the wise. His spirit flies out in sympathy with Themistocles, when he said, The trophies of Miltiades will neither suffer me to sleep nor to be idle; and he is ready to recognise all the hardships of his self-imposed endeavour, in the very words of our pleasant Steele, The way to Fame is like the way to heaven—through much tribulation.

And it is in the full inspiration of this proud, uplifting, inextinguishable feeling that he appraises his work and aim as inferior to few under the sun, and as fully as any needing man's most exalted recognition of his duty thereto.

> "Let each man think himself an act of God,
> His mind a thought, his life a breath of God."

He holds that every detail is approved of by the gods, and blessed according to its scope and intent—that as opinions would not change and yet the humblest arts subsist, as empires would not vanish, and yet sciences continue to grow towards its golden perfection—unless art and science were of greater need to mankind than any special race or form of dominion, so, because over art and science Business rolls its starry course, it is thereby approved to be of more transcendent utility, human and divine: in brief, of its faculties and labours the words of the son of Sirach are to him the declaration of its immortality and its sanctification, All these things live and remain for ever for all uses, and thus are all obedient.

## THE MAID OF ERCILDOUNE.

An ancient Ballade, wherein are set forth the Dangers of Disobedience unto Parents, as well as entering the holy state of Matrimonie for Filthy Lucre.

COME, all ye pretty maidens,
And a story ye shall hear
Such as you never heard before,
Nor will for many a year.

There lived a Priest in Ercildoune,
And he was wise and good;
And had an only daughter,
Who foolish was and rude.

Most beautiful in form was she,
She was both tall and fair;
Like bright blue violets were her eyes,
And golden was her hair.

But beauty was to her a curse,
As it doth often prove,
And served to fill her youthful breast
With pride and vain self-love.

She scorned her aged father
Because he was so poor,
And in her rage did threaten once
To turn him to the door,

Because he did advise her
A saintly youth to wed,
Who, for the love of Jesus,
Would willingly have bled.

"No, no!" the haughty damsel said,
"A rich man I prefer;
And rather than a saint I'll wed,
I'll marry Lucifer."

Her father was much grieved at her,
And said, she should prefer
A virtuous man, whoe'er he was—
Even an artificer.

"No, no!" the damsel loud did cry,
"A rich man I will have;
And rather than a saint I'll take
I'll go into my grave."

So to a neighbouring town she went,
A bridegroom to seek there;
And that he might be rich and gay
She made her daily prayer.

She prayed to God at morning tide,
She prayed at evening, too,
That He to her some one would send
Who would her richly woo,

Some great rich man, who could provide
All things that pleasant be,
And keep away that grim black wolf,
Whose name is Poverty.

So one day led by sounds most sweet,
Which echoed in the air,
Unto the woods that skirt that town
The damsel did repair.

And while she wandered to and fro
Her prayer to God did rise,
That some rich man might come to her,
And cheer her longing eyes.

And scarcely had she prayed the prayer
Than there before her stood
A man in raiment rich and gay,
And with a crimson hood.

He looked like some young valiant knight,
Or like a courtier gay,
Who in the woods had come to spend
A pleasant holiday.

A large star blaz'd upon his breast,
And it diffused a sheen
As bright as that which ever came
From crown of king or queen.

His voice, it was most musical,
And with it he could speak
All tongues that now are known on earth,
Nor have one word to seek.

His tunic was of purple,
Embroidered o'er with gold;
In sooth, he was a princely man,
And goodly to behold.

In his hand, he held a dulcimer,
And while he music made,
The sounds were so sweet, the birds came to his feet,
And flew about his head.

Nor did that pleasant instrument
The birds alone enchant;
The damsel it no sooner heard,
Than she began to pant.

"Oh, what," she said, "would I not give
That dulcimer to play,
And to have so gay a minstrel
For my husband, lov'd, to-day!"

"Fair maiden," said the minstrel,
"This dulcimer I'll give,
If thou wilt be my faithful wife,
And with me always live.

At twenty-three I will come for thee,
And thou shalt be my bride;
And stand, a queen, in robes of state,
Deep blushing at my side.

I live in a palace, large and high,
In its walls is many a gem;
And I sit alone on a high-built throne,
And wear a diadem.

Unnumbered princes me obey,
They run to do my will
As run the locusts, when they fly,
O'er plain, and sea, and hill.

All manner of wines grow mellow,
In my cellars, dark and deep;
And many a gorgeous revel
I with my courtiers keep.

A chariot, such as that I use,
You never saw before,
It is made of purest chrysolite,
A pearl is each wheel and door.

It needs no horses to draw it;
But goes wherever I will,
And scours the plain, and crosses the sea,
And leaps each lofty hill.

All these things shall be thine, fair maid,
If thou my bride wilt be;
And I will come and marry thee
When thou art twenty-three."

So there and then, did the damsel,
To the minstrel herself betroth;
And swore she would be his wedded wife,
And took the marriage oath.

But scarcely had she breathed the vow,
By which she his became,
Than round about her there arose
A cloud of smoke and flame.

And from the cloud a voice came forth,
"Fair maiden, fare thee well;
At twenty-three I'll come for thee,
And make thee Queen of Hell."

And when the damsel found that she
Had been so much deceived,
Her heart was pricked with anguish deep,
And sorely was she grieved.

She rent her clothes, she tore her hair,
And round about did run,
Weeping and wailing bitterly,
Till sank the westering sun.

And then into a lake she plunged,
Her grief therein to hide,
And never more was seen on earth
That young and foolish bride.

But some do say that she was changed
That night into a swan,
But whether that be true or false
Is known unto no man.

But certainly a swan is there,
Which ever goes alone,
And seems to weep continually,
And utters many a moan.

It never ceaseth, day nor night,
To seek a place of rest,
And hath a large and bloody mark
Upon its snow-white breast—

A mark, 'tis said the devil puts
On all who are his own,
And which he makes with fine red chalk,
Hence, called "The devil's-stone."

And now, ye pretty maidens,
One word I'll only say,
Remember what her pride did bring,
On foolish Alice Grey.

And should you ever think to wed,
A father's counsel take,
Lest you the devil's bride become,
And parents' hearts do break.

*Manse of Athelstaneford.* W
May, 1879.

# WHEN I WAS DOLLY SYDNEY.

PERHAPS the title tells its own tale, tells you I am no longer Dolly Sydney, and therefore deprives this story of my life of interest. But I scarcely think so, I think you may care to hear something of the sorrow and joy that I went through while I was Dolly Sydney. I put the sorrow first, because it was great and grievous, and, sadder still, of my own making; the joy that came afterwards cancelled all that went before, and I know was deeper and purer because it was born of trouble.

My memory can carry me back very far, into the days of a happy childhood when I was the happy plaything of my big brother, Robert, and the spoiled darling of a too fond father and mother; then came days of mourning, when Robert and I were orphans, and when, crying and clinging to him, he carried me away from the old place to new scenes. My brother was now my father and mother also, and never let me leave him; he became in turn my all in all, and I lavished my whole love on him. He was years older than I, and had just been ordained to his first curacy at the time of our loss, and he was twenty-three. He taught me, he made me his little housekeeper, and told me all his thoughts and plans; so I grew up almost in him, and knew no other affection. At first we were poor, and knew what hard times meant; but things brightened, and at the point where I mean to let memory tell the story of when I was Dolly Sydney in all its details, the "hard times," had become "good times" indeed.

The curacy was a living now, the dreary lodgings in a smoky town a right pleasant country parsonage standing in the midst of gardens and cornfields; the poorly-paid curate was a vicar, with a far less anxious and a younger face than the curate had worn; and the poor little pale-faced orphan, Dolly, clad in black that made her paler still, was tall, far from thin or white, and knew what becoming colours meant.

I had grown up now, and told Robert he was venerable; for thirty-three sounded like sixty in my ears. But in all these changes some things were still the same: Robert was still my all-in-all, my friend, parent, and brother, and I could not imagine life without him. I was his curate, his companion, his housekeeper, and knew his every thought, as I did my own.

The evenings were our pleasantest time, just before the candles came, when we used to have our little talk and sit in idleness after the day's work. I used to like the winter evenings best, it was so

cosy before the great fire with only its uncertain, shadowy light. Robert would draw his easy chair close in, and I would sit at his feet on the soft white rug.

We used to have merry talks, and grave talks, and learned talks, and all sorts of talks; but one night Robert pertinaciously kept up a teazing talk.

"I tell you, little Dolly, I am right, or else there are more sick people in the parish than I know of, or else young Dr. George Henley is becoming very attentive to his patients, very, very attentive."

"I tell you, Bob, you are altogether wrong."

"I daresay," he answered; "men always are wrong, and so, sister mine, Dr. Henley doesn't come to this very healthy village so often because he fancies he may catch a glimpse of 'the curate,' nor does he come to see his patients—I'll have him taken up for vagrancy."

"Don't talk nonsense, Robert," I said; "for you know I could not, would not, never should think of such a thing, as leaving you; and you know you love me better than anyone, and never could part with me, even to George Henley—George Henley, indeed, I concluded, bridling up, 'a country doctor!'"

"But one in a thousand, dear" he answered earnestly.

"I can't understand you," I exclaimed pettishly: "why do you worry me so? You don't want to lose me Robert; you love me best of all."

He kissed me more gravely than usual, and rang for the candles.

I got my work while Robert read aloud, and the evening passed like other evenings and I went to bed quite forgetting the teazing talk. But it came back to me in my dreams. I dreamt about George Henley and slept uneasily, for the dream was not a happy one, though I could not recall its incidents.

Next morning I, "the curate," on my rounds, met the doctor on his, the vicar being very seriously deep in the Sunday sermon.

"Ah, Miss Sydney," he exclaimed alighting from his sturdy pony, whereon he performed his country visits, "I've come to see old Mrs Brown. I fear this cold weather will go hardly with her."

"You really take unnecessary trouble," I said; "widow Brown is, you confess, dying of old age, and you can't cure that."

He looked vexed, and attempted something about "alleviation;" but our confab was a brief one, and we went our separate ways. I was almost sorry afterwards I had been so ungracious, for, after all, I liked him; he was ardent in his profession, clever, and, though

young, had a good practice in the neighbouring provincial town and outlying districts. He was a tall, good-looking fellow, and had a gentle way with him that won the liking of all his patients, so that many became his friends. Being in years about Robert's standing, the two were growing in intimacy, and seemed to like each other as time went on and they knew each other better. Yes, certainly, I was a little sorry I had been so abrupt to Robert's friend, and for his sake determined to be kinder next time we met.

Had the sermon not come to a satisfactory conclusion? or what was it sat so heavily on the brow of the worthy vicar? When I returned from my excursion Robert looked even more solemn than when I started. I had then put down his gravity to the impending composition, the thought of which always made him more or less "Sabbatic looking," I used to tell him. But now, though the discourse was accomplished, my good brother still wore the Sunday air that used so to excite my amused attention, which had for its object a reclaiming him to terrestial matters generally, and my own gratification specially.

"Bob, Bob! that sermon's been a failure!" I remarked at our midday meal.

"No, it's rather a good one," he answered, "the subject is—but never mind that. Seen any one this morning?"

"The curate and the doctor came in contact, of course," I said, "and the afore-named functionary was not amiable; so the last mentioned has gone off in a huff. I expect there wont be much sickness in the village for the next few weeks."

"My dear," quoth Robert—he always said 'My dear,' when in his Sabbatic mood—"you are acknowledging what I told you last night. If your eyes are open, for pity's sake be straightforward with the poor fellow—it isn't a fine thing to make a fool of a man, though some women think so."

"Didn't I tell you I had been cross to him," I replied. "I'm sure I give him no reason to come dangling here."

The vicar sighed a desperate sigh. I was certain he was suffering from "sermon on the brain;" so forebore to worry him any more, but waited till evening, when I knew he would unburden his soul to my sympathising self.

Evening came, and we settled down for the usual talk, it was a cold, stormy night, one of those nights when we more than ever appreciate our own fireside; and yet Robert was *distrait*, and seemed about to unbosom himself of his troubles, and then as suddenly relapsed into common places.

"What is it Bob?" I asked quietly.

"It is something, little sister, that I have wanted to tell you for

the last week; but I couldn't—I didn't know how to—and at last I find I can't get along with a secret you don't share."

I felt quite shaky and queer, but waited till "the murder should out." I knew something dreadful was coming. He stopped. "Go on." I said, not softly, almost harshly. I was sure that he had kept a secret from me a whole week—he had never done so before.

"Dolly, do you remember where it comes 'rejoice with them that rejoice?'"

"Yes. Then surely you needn't look so solemn over it."

He gave a twinge, "Hush—listen, I have had a great happiness, but it will be lessened unless I have your warm sympathy; and, oh! I hope I wrong you when sometimes I dread that you wont give me your sympathy."

"Go on—tell me quick!" I said impatiently. "It's something horrid, I know, or you wouldn't make such a rigmarole of it."

Robert was very much hurt; then, as if to get it over, he said hastily and nervously,

"Dolly, I am engaged to Mary Childe."

I was sitting idly on the rug; I started up.

"That's why you want me to marry George Henley! I think I better indeed," and I went out of the room. In a tumult of amaze and anger I went upstairs; I was amazed because, though Mary Childe was the daughter of the Mr. Child, in whose gift Robert's living was, and though he sometimes stayed with his patron and must know the daughter well, moreover, he and her brother had been friends at college, still I had never believed Robert could marry. Surely I was his all-in-all; he knew how I loved him, and yet—he loved some one better. I couldn't understand it, and cried as I had never cried since our parents died. Then, again, I gave way to anger, it was so palpable he wanted to get rid of me by putting ideas into my head about George Henley; I couldn't bear it, and in desperate disappointment and grief I sobbed afresh.

There was a tap at my door, I opened it with an angry jerk. Robert was standing in the dark doorway and held out his arms and took me in them, though I was quivering with nervous agitation

"You make me very wretched, Dolly."

"And am not I miserable?" I exclaimed. "Don't I love you best in this world, and don't you love some one better, and why have you always kept this from me? perhaps I might have grown accustomed to it. And now for these weeks and weeks you have been loving Mary best, and let me think you loved me!" I broke away from him crying, and added, "and you dont want me here any more—that horrid George Henley!"

Poor Robert was utterly upset by my storm of indignation, and, helpless, remained in the doorway.

"Oh, don't, Dolly!" was all he could say. It sounded so pitiful and so deprecatingly, and I was so in want of comfort that I would even take it from him who had caused me the grief: I clung to him crying, and said,

"But it will be so hard to give up to a stranger!"

"Give up what?" he asked. "I shall always love you; surely the home can be as happy with three as with two."

"Of course you have a right to marry," I said; "but think a little of the difference it makes to me."

It is hard to picture clearly the sea of trouble I was in. I could only look on Mary as a usurper of my rights—some one who had stolen his love away from me, and who was coming to take my place in the household. Then, like a rambling thorn, those words about George Henley fretted me. Did my brother really want to lose me? did he fear I should stand between him and his wife?

"Come downstairs," I said at last; "I am cold, Robert, and so tired." I led him from the dark, dreary doorway, back to the cosy sitting-room. We talked in a constrained way the rest of the evening and, at last, with an aching head, I sought my room again, and gave way to a passion of disappointment and sorrow.

Next day was Sunday, and it was with some slight curiosity I waited the sermon. Would this new love of Robert's affect his thoughts; would his mind be awoke by the heart into a new existence, and his words bear a tinge of the happiness that had come to his life? But no—this sermon was of all sermons the most ordinary, one of a long laid-bye stock, I was sure.

"Was that the sermon you wrote yesterday?" I inquired.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I hate preaching *at* people," he said: "yesterday's was about sympathy."

"A hint for me. Oh, Bob! you don't know how hard it is!" I clung to his arm so wearily, that he stooped to see my face.

"Dolly, I sympathised with *you*!"

"'Weep with them that weep,'" I said. "Ah, no! you are so full of rejoicing just now, you would rather ask me to 'rejoice with them that rejoice.'"

And so I went on, hating the thought of Mary Childe, and answering bitterly when the topic was mentioned; and Robert, gentle, grave, and forbearing, but holding to his purpose like a man, never excusing himself to me, never arguing with me, only trying to teach me to bear it by himself bearing my perversity, which must have tried him so sorely.

And, somehow, in my secret soul, I respected him for never relenting, never yielding a jot or a tittle. Once Mary wrote to me, saying how she longed to know me, would I stay with her a few days before the wedding, and be her bridesmaid. Evidently, Robert had not told her a word of me, or the letter would not have been so—so sisterly. I tossed it to him.

"I *can't* go," I said. He read it, and restored it to me with a word. In the evening he asked—

"Have you answered Mary's letter?"

"No."

"Dolly, write and say you will be her bridesmaid; you need not stay there if you don't like."

The vicar spoke so firmly, that his curate was frightened and obeyed. And so time went on, and the day drew nearer. Robert had been in constant communication with the family, but I had never seen one of them; the last day of our being together came, like every other long-dreaded day must come. Poor Bob was very gentle, and I submissive, but with an aching weariness, expressive in everything I did. At last, in the evening, I gave way.

"Oh, to lose you!" and I cried, not passionate tears, but the saddest I ever shed, my very soul seemed in them. He held me close and kissed me, but never spoke a word. Was he praying?

I saw Mary for the first time in my life—she who was to be my brother's wife, she who was to live side by side with me, she who had stepped into my place in the household as the master's great love and first friend. I saw her the day before her wedding-day, when, after numerous greetings and introductions on my arrival at her home, some one, who, in the bustle I had barely noticed, guided me up to my room to remove my travelling gear.

"O, Dolly, I hope you will love me and be really my sister," said the girl who, with gentle, eager hands, was unbuttoning my jacket. "You know, I never had a sister?"

"And you are Mary!" I said, calmly surveying her. She was small, and almost insignificant-looking; I towered above her in my greater development of height and figure; her smoothly twisted light-brown hair was a mere handful to my heavy black coils. I thought she ought to feel impressed, and scarcely lavish such familarity without some token of my appreciation. But there was no shrinking, nervous soul in her slight frame; she apprehended the situation with a marvellously ready instinct. "You are Mary!" in answer to her warm impulsive words, told her volumes

"I have often asked Robert about you," she said, not desisting from her kindly attentions, "but he always said, 'Wait to see her and know her for yourself.' Dolly, I don't mean to take your place in Robert's affections; you know, the larger one's heart the

deeper one's love for each individual. He will love you more than ever."

"Yes," I said, feebly, for she had stolen a march on me, and left me no room for dignity or wounded feelings. I felt morally annihilated by this girl, who knew what was in my heart, and calmly disregarded its existence, told me I knew not everything, and finally led me downstairs, ignoring my weariness of mind and body.

When the time came for retiring for the night, Mary again saw me to my room.

"Listen Dolly," she said, "you and I *must* be friends, or Robert's home will not be happy. I do sympathise with you, and understand your feelings; but you must give me leave to try and conquer them.

"Good-night, Mary," I replied; "bear with me, for it will be a long, weary work if you mean to conquer me."

I was standing drawn up to my full height, and Mary looked very insignificant below me; I doubted not her mind was in keeping with her stature. I would not, could not, open my griefs to her; apart from my pride, she would not understand. Robert did not know my feelings, and I went to sleep at last, nursing my wrongs, till they bid fair to grow to a mighty size and crush every kindly thought out of my soul, which was absorbed in the contemplation of its woes.

And so they were married, and in a maze of tragic misery I heard my brother vow evermore to love that little white-clad girl before me; and he said it with an intonation that spoke a wondrous happiness, and an utter forgetfulness that there was any other creature in the whole world besides Mary Childe—now Mary Sydney.

Then I saw them drive away; truly, they both warmly kissed me, but still, there was such a wave of happiness surrounding them, that other people's griefs could not reach them. "Sympathy, indeed!" I murmured; and when I finally got home to the Parsonage, "Sympathy indeed!" and surrounded myself with such a wave of wretchedness that other people's joys could not reach me.

An ancient maiden lady and I spent a very dull month in that charming Parsonage, that stood in the midst of gardens and cornfields. The bride and bridegroom passed those four weeks so happily, that the happiness still hung about them at its end when they came home, and jarred in rude contrast with my very opposite feelings.

When Mary crossed her husband's doorstep and stood in her own domain, I felt my reign was over, and typically surrendered the keys of office on the spot.

Robert was beaming, and warm, and genial.

"Ah, Dolly, darling! got a good supper for two hungry creatures!"

I turned away with a lump in my throat, "supper, indeed!" when my heart was drowned in its own woes. The maiden-lady had left in the morning, and I welcomed them home alone; but they did not require much welcoming—it seemed they welcomed me.

At supper, the first meal in her new home, Mary, for a minute, looked nervously at her place—the head of the table. I, in a marked way, subsided into a chair at the side, and Robert said,

"The only difference is Dolly comes nearer me, and took hold of my hand across the corner of the table. I felt choky, and Mary managed to get into her place with a smile; so that small matter was settled, but I felt it every day—and three times a day, for there were three meals.

Next morning Robert said, in his cheery way,

"Now, Dolly, Mary is to be your pupil; you are to teach her how to keep house. She knows nothing."

"It's easy enough," I answered harshly, and never said a word more on the subject. They both saw the effort had failed, and did not recur to it again. So Mary's ignorance had to improve by experience, for no hints did I vouchsafe; I am bound to say things were accomplished very satisfactorily.

I yielded up every house duty to Mary, with a humility that was the worst species of pride, but held on to my outdoor visiting, and did not draw attention to it. "They'll wrench that from me next," I thought angrily.

Words cannot tell how very miserable I was. Robert was no longer my own special belonging, and why? because I had let him slip from me into other hands, and never tried to retain an atom of his love. That he still gave it me I know, because he was uniformly gentle and kind; but the little confidences and talks were at an end, and I felt I had lost something, with no inclination to make an effort to regain it. Mary simply kept out of my way, and tried not to wound me by reminding me she was in my place. She was gentle, too, but with a gentleness that wounded me beyond measure.

"Am I some wild animal," I thought, "that she should try to deprecate me so?"

It was not deprecation, as I afterwards knew, but a sublime goodness that strove to win me by unobtrusive love.

All this time I had occasionally met George Henley; but I had always been distant, and he seemed chilled into formality. Once we had not come across each other for a month, and he bravely broke the ice by exclaiming as he met me in the lane—

"I'm so glad to see you again," in a genuine sort of way that touched me in my sore, ruffled state. I shook hands quite amiably, saying—

"Yes, it is long since we met."

He was off his pony, leading it, and walking by my side, emboldened by my more genial greeting.

"What would the village do without the indefatigable curate?" he remarked, smiling, and with the freedom of an old friend, for he had a right to that standing.

"What would it do without the indefatigable doctor?" I replied.

"I've come to see Widow Brown," he continued, with an odd look at me. "You scolded me once for coming to see her."

"I won't scold you to-day," I said; "I am in a good temper."

"Confess now—you——" he stammered, confused.

"No, I haven't been in a good temper lately," I interrupted. "You were going to say the truth, Dr. Henley."

"And why was it so, Miss Sydney? But forgive me, that is a rude question—ladies are always in a good temper."

"Don't make compliments," I said, wearily, "I am tired. I want substantial comfort. I am worn-out, I believe."

"Stay!" he put in; "I have no right to win your confidences."

I drew myself up, in maidenly dignity. "I forgot; this can't interest you."

"Indeed, Miss Sydney, you are wrong. I wish, if you have any trouble, I could comfort you—I do, indeed! But you wouldn't let me."

"Perhaps not," I answered significantly. I knew—had long known—he loved me; but could I take his love? I longed for love for some one; but it was immaterial whose—man's, woman's, or child's would have been soothing. George Henley's lay at my feet, and, though I felt no special predilection for it, it was comforting; and I was fain to stoop and take it—so lowly offered—and build me a temple in which to enshrine my griefs. I wanted it for no other purpose.

We reached Widow Brown's cottage, and entered the outer room. The poor old bedridden woman was up a flight of creaky stairs. It was a bitterly cold morning, and George Henley's hands were so numbed he could barely use them. He chafed them a minute without result.

I was gazing at him, scarce taking in his purpose, for I was dreaming of I knew not what. Suddenly his efforts dawned upon me, and, without thought, I drew his hands, first one, and then the other, into my muff, and held them a second in my warm grasp. He smiled; and when I released him, infused with new vigour, he

only said, "Thank you," and turned to his work with his eminently business-like air.

He had gone up-stairs to see Widow Brown, and I strolled into the lane, and stood patting his pony, vaguely wondering how it was I was waiting for him—wondering if I ought to go on my way—wondering how I came there at all. While I was wondering, he came out again. I held out my hand to say good-bye; he took it in his, and said, softly—

"To think of it being able to warm mine! Do you know your heart is about the size of your fist; I wonder if it is as warm?" Then he added, in a yet softer voice, "I pray it may be so!"

"My hands are very cold sometimes," I answered bitterly; but he had sprung on his pony, and was gone.

As I walked slowly home, I communed with my heart and was still; but my heart only told me that it did not beat with the warmth George Henley prayed for.

I found Robert and Mary in the sitting-room when I returned. His arm was round her waist, and he was half leaning against the mantel-piece, and looking into the fire. It was an attitude I knew well—it had been my waist his arm was wont to be round. I slammed the door, in a vexed way after me, and went upstairs almost before they saw me. I sat down and cried long; all the while my heart was telling me that some one cared for me; but what was his love to the love I had lost. "Oh, Robert, Robert, you'll drive me to it!" I cried, as I thought on the love that was waiting my acceptance.

I was restless all that day, and the next, and the next. I longed for some tender hand to soothe me; I would not see that there were arms near me longing to shield me from the tempest of stormy disappointment that enveloped and boded to make shipwreck of me; I only saw another stretched out to help, and I resolved to grasp it, forgetting it demanded something in exchange for its strength and its love.

And so again I wandered in the lanes, and again George Henley came along on his sturdy pony, and again dismounting, led it and walked by my side. And with little variation, this happened another day, another, and another.

"How very ill Mrs. Brown must be!" I at last remarked, with the nearest approach to a mischievous glance I had for long indulged in.

"And how kind the curate is to her!" he said; "is the heart growing as warm as the hands?" And he had my hand in his, and was looking very earnestly at me. The pony's bridle slipped off his arm, and with it trailing, good Dobbin turned to the hedge, and nibbled the grass, and pretended not to see.

"I am afraid Widow Brown is becoming a fiction," said Dobbin's master, "and you know it, Dolly. Is there any need to tell you?"

"Oh, don't, don't!" I exclaimed. It was the last weak effort of conscience to refuse the helping hand, knowing something must be given in return, or it would be a base robbery. "Don't, don't! I am not what you think."

"I know, I think——" And then came the helping hand, the offered love, and I forgot it was not fair to take it and refuse mine in return; but grasping that strong, helping hand, with the selfish clutch of the drowning man, who reeks not that he may drag his preserver down with him into the deep waters, I, clinging to the stay I could not live without, went home engaged to George Henley.

When at last Dobbin's improvised lunch came to an end, and his master once more bestrode him, I patted the creature's neck, and with an aching feeling that I was not so faithful as even this poor pony, turned my face homeward; but there were two tears resting on Dobbin's neck which his master never saw.

I turned my face homewards: I had built me the temple wherein to enshrine my sorrow, and though somehow, dreaming I ought to be happier, now my grief was buried in a casket made of the heart of a brave, good man, I set myself to the task of confessing to my brother, with the smiles befitting the task, that George Henley and I were engaged.

He was grave and gentle, and said little but looked more. Mary kissed me and made much of me, and ignored the past.

"Poor thing!" I heard her say to her husband as I was entering a room, "she's been in love all this time—no wonder she was queer!"

Next day I was in the garden—I knew some one was closeted with Robert; but my thoughts were straying, and I never stopped to wonder who it was. The French window of the study opened, and the some one stepped into the garden and came right to the sheltered paths, where, screened from the wintry wind, I was walking up and down.

He came to me, and he drew my hand within his arm and stooping kissed me. I trembled and stood stock still and looked at him, and then I hid my face on his shoulder. Poor fellow, he thought it was with that happiness that is so great it cannot bear the light of day. But I only felt a dull pain at my heart, that bade me screen my eyes lest it should make itself known in them. He passed his arm round my waist, and called me "Dolly, darling!" and though feeling a very traitor, I let him kiss me again

We wandered up and down that shady walk in the most ortho-

dox, lover-like way; I supposed we ought to, and if I was bewildered, I still hugged the fact that at least and at last I could wholly claim the special love of some one.

When we said good-bye, he told me again and again how he loved me, and I drank the worship in and craved for more.

"Dolly, kiss me yourself," he whispered, "and tell me the same —you haven't *said* so yet."

"You are exacting," I answered, smiling; "learn to take things for granted."

"Learn to submit to my lady?" he said; "I will—I do; but a slave may ask a boon—tell me you love me in plain words—I know it, but I want to hear you say so."

He waited, he was in earnest I saw; I kissed the tips of his fingers, and said laughing, "I wont be teazed into anything," and turned away indoors, with a light step but a heavy heart.

We were to be married at the end of six months; I looked forward calmly to it—too calmly. It did not send the warm blood yet warmer through my veins, nor make the pulses of my heart beat one instant quicker; but deep hid away was an aching pain. I thought I had found a home where I should be mistress again, where the master would love only me, and where no fair little girl would sit at the head of the table and take the reins of government out of my hands. Another sting goaded me on to this new life. Robert never expressed regret at losing me, had hinted at its possibility before it was settled, in a tone which I thought showed he felt me in the way. He had his wife, and his sister was no longer his only consideration.

And so our engagement progressed like other engagements, and the time drew on when I should have before many witnesses to tell George Henley I loved him. I had never told him yet, for I dared not. I still avoided the untruth with a thousand subterfuges; but now I began to tremble a little, for it was only a month from the wedding-day, and could I, after evading it so long when not a soul was near, stand in the face of the congregation and tell George Henley a lie?

Ah, there lay the aching pain that was robbing me of peace in my seeming calmness.

It was a warm August evening, for the winter was summer now, the cold a drowsy heat, but my heart that had been chilled in those dreary months, had not grown warm with the summer. George Henley and I were pacing the shady garden walk, we had been talking business, arranging our future household, my voice never faltered then; but George had not been much interested, and brought the conversation back to our own individual selves. Again he was kissing me, and telling me he loved me.

"Why do you tremble so?" he asked; "one would think you had a guilty conscience, child—you always tremble when I tell you that; and," he went on bitterly, "you never, say it yourself—you listen to me; but you forget I want to hear you—kiss me, Dolly—no, don't make fun of it—you never have yet, and you must—you *must!*"

I nervously tried to free myself from his embrace; but he would bear no trifling. "Tell me," he said, at last desperately: "do you love me, Dolly?"

I tried to speak—I did not mean to tell the untruth nor to evade the question, but the cruel truth would not come, and I burst into tears. He led me to a garden-seat.

"Now tell me everything," he said; "I knew you had a secret from me; I knew you were unhappy. You have been since your brother married; and sometimes I think—God grant I am wrong—you accepted me—because, because—"

"Yes," I interrupted, still crying, "Yes, George, yes! oh, forgive me!"

He looked at me in perfect misery, and then rose.

"I can't speak now; I will write to you." He was gone, and I was left alone to my grief again, now tenfold doubled—or was it lightened? I didn't know which. I went indoors, Robert met me—

"Where is George?"

"Gone," I said, "and he will never come back." I shut myself into my room that he might not question me, and that I might nurse my woes in solitude, and work myself up to a pitch of romantic wretchedness.

Next morning a note came from Dr. Henley—this is what he said—

"Dear Dolly, I am going away for a long time.—Good-bye!"

G. H.

They were very few words, and they were gentle, simple ones; they brought tears into my eyes—not the hot, angry ones of yesterday, but tears of genuine sadness for the sorrow I had been to George Henley.

He was gone abroad I heard, and had made temporary arrangements concerning his practice.

I went about as of old, but more quietly; I learnt to speak more gently to Robert and Mary; my conscience was lightened of a load; and I learnt to pray for forgiveness for the wrong I had done to the brave good heart that loved me so. I did not forget him: I was always thinking of him; but differently now, humbly hoping he would one day forgive me. I longed to hear him say, "I forgive you," but not with the selfish feeling that made me let him say, "I love you."

He had been gone two months, and my longing for forgiveness was growing so, that I begged and prayed for his return. But I never heard a word of him.

One night after I had gone up to bed, there was a tap at my door. Mary entered; she looked white and frightened, and, somehow, the feeling came over me that perhaps she would have been less nervous had I loved her more.

"What is it, Mary?" I asked quite gently.

"O, Dolly," she said, and broke down—I don't know how it was, but she looked so forlorn that I was struck with tenderness and put my arm round her.

"Are you beginning to love me, then?" she asked.

"I can't help it," I murmured. "O, Mary! can you let me love you, after all?"

"It's not that," she said, interrupting me. "Do you love me well enough to hear something very sad from me. I don't know how things stand between you, but——"

"Oh, tell me?" I gasped.

"He is very ill," she said, "he's very ill. O, Dolly, darling!" and she bent over me, comforting me, and went on to say he was still abroad, and lying ill—perhaps dying—of a low fever in Italy, brought on by exposure and carelessness.

We sat up late that night, and I told her everything. I reserved not a word, and, at last, worn out between tears and misery, fell asleep holding her hand, somehow strangely aware I had found the sympathy that I had been telling myself I never could find at home.

Next day, I was ill, and sobbing, "I shall never hear him forgive me now." I gave way to a real misery, very unlike the wretchedness I was used to indulge in. Robert sat by me long, and I thought the old times had come. Truly, they had, with the one addition of the gentlest little nurse that ever lived. I could not understand it all, but I had found loving hands to minister to me, and I found my love went out to them so easily, I wondered what had ever kept it back.

But there was a dreadful grief to be borne, and I lived in a sorrow that I had brought upon myself. The wave of misery that circled me round was kept from drowning me, by the true sympathy that bore me through those deep waters.

Slowly I got better and came downstairs again.

We only heard of George Henley through the doctor, who temporally filled his place, and the accounts, few and far between, were very disquieting. At last, we had not heard anything for a long time; no one seemed to know anything about him, and worn out and weak I had cried, "He is dead—he is dead!" while Mary strove to soothe me, and, at last, persuaded me to go upstairs

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and lie down. I fell into an uneasy sleep—when I woke, Mary was beside me.

"Will you come downstairs, darling?" she said.

"Why? I am so tired; let me stay here."

"Oh, you better come down; it's tea-time," and I arose and followed her.

"You have a marvellous influence over me," I said, smiling. "I believe you take a pleasure in twisting me round your finger."

Robert met us on the stairs, "Take my arm, little one," he exclaimed, seeing I was weakly clinging to the banisters; "the wife shall go before to make the tea." Mary sprang down the steps, half singing, and turned at the bottom.

"Come along, good people; my visitor will be tired of waiting."

"A visitor!" I replied. "Oh, I'd rather not come down."

"It's only old what's-his-name," said Bob. "He won't do you any harm."

There were one or two old what's-his names in the neighbourhood, who looked in occasionally; so almost forgetting it, I went down. Robert seized the door-handle, and suddenly stopped. Mary vanished, instead of going ahead to make the tea. I looked at Bob a minute, and exclaimed, "What's the matter?" for the vicar wore his most sabbatic air.

"Dolly, I want you to see the doctor." I had an inveterate dislike to these professional visits, and they always had a difficulty in making me succumb to them. "He called, so I said I would send you to him. Go in, there's a dear child!"

"What a nuisance!" I answered, half vexed at having been so entrapped; but Robert had gone after Mary, and I opened the door in a dreamy sort of way.

I went in a step or so, and I think I should have fallen, but some one caught me in his arms, and called me,

"Dolly, darling!"

"George, George!" I gasped, and clung to him, and kissed him, and, crying, said, "Forgive me."

He looked at me with a strange look, "Can you say *it* yet."

"I love you," I answered very humbly; "but don't you tell me that—tell me you forgive me?"

"I'll never say anything but I love you," he replied; "and I'll say that morning, noon, and night, if you like."

I had known what it was to give myself up to misery, and I gave myself up to happiness now; and I sat by him while he told me how it was he was back again, safe and nearly well; how he had fallen ill and grown worse, and slowly grown better, and kept the secret of his coming back that I might not have time to think about it, but that he might know, at first sight of me, whether the prayed-for love had come to life in his absence.

"And it came," I said, "through my getting back my love for Bob, and learning to love Mary."

"There lay the secret," he whispered; and I let him tell me how the one love in its perfection could not exist without the other.

"But say you forgive me the wrong I did you?" I asked.

"O, Dolly! you are so good to me! What have I to forgive; if there were pain, haven't you buried it for ever in happiness."

Then came a tap at the door, and Mary entered.

"Dr. Henley, don't you know constant nourishment is necessary for invalids?—you unconscionable person, to keep the poor child from her food!"

"Eat, drink, and be merry," said Bob, appearing in the doorway.

"For to-morrow we wed," answered George, with the utmost effrontery.

"That you don't," put in Mary. "Why, the cake's not made!"

# THE UNKNOWN GUEST.

BY W. DINSDALE, Author of "Just Too Late."

## CHAPTER I.

### SAVED.

"AND have you any more complaints to make, Sarah?" inquired Mrs. Cressy of her cook.

"Yes, marm, I have. Many's the place I've been hin, but never afore I come to you 'ave I been accustomed to be called 'Sairy.'"

"And what should you wish to be called?"

"Well, marm, my godfathers and godmothers gave me the name of Miss Sairy Helezabeth Haugustina, and I don't see no reason why that should not be as good as just Sairy."

"Your wants are very moderate indeed," said stout, motherly Mrs. Cressy, wiih as much sarcasm as she was mistress of.

"I *trust* they go no further," said Miss Hope, glaring at the culprit through her spectacles.

"But I have an *instinctive knowledge* they do," observed Miss Faith.

The cook's face grew redder.

"Yes! there's another hitem, marm, which is, that you won't hallow your darter to play and sing profane songs in my 'earing. Hever since I were a child I've set my face against himortality.

"Whose hymns do you object to, cook?" asked Miss Faith, who was rather deaf.

"No hymns hat all, Miss Faith, but to himmortal songs, such as 'Come into the garden, Maud, and——'"

"Goodness, gracious! bless my heart and soul alive!" exclaimed Miss Cressy in one breath, gazing out of the window.

"Lawk-a-daisy me! It's Lucy," said Miss Hope.

"I have an instinctive knowledge she's drowned dead," said Miss Faith.

"Good Lord, deliver us!" ejaculated the pious cook.

There was a noise in the passage, a quick step upon the stairs, and before the quartette had overcome their first astonishment, the door opened, and Miss Lucy entered the room.

There she stood, panting with excitement; her beautiful face flushed, and her handsome furs dripping with water. The only child of wealthy Mr. Cressy, spoilt by her mother, by her father, by her aunts, and by everyone with whom she came in contact. The

petulant stamp of the shapely little foot, and the pout of the ripe lips, told you that before she uttered a word.

"Why Lucy, whereever have you been?"

"I have been in the water, of course."

"But are you not hurt, my love?"

"Hurt? yes; can't you see I am in a passion?"

"I had an instinctive knowledge she was in a passion," observed Miss Faith.

"Well, you must change your wet things, or you will catch your death of cold."

"I don't care if I do catch my death; I hope I may, at any rate, I will tell you about it before I untie a single knot," said the young lady passionately.

"I am dying to hear what has happened," said Miss Hope.

"Then this has happened," exclaimed Lucy: "I was skating on the lake, and they were all round me, Harry Malvern, and Sir Hugh, and young Terrance, and a thousand more, flattering me, and pretending I was their guardian angel, and all that sort of thing, till the ice broke, and they left me—me alone, struggling in the water—the cowards, the cowards!" and Lucy's eyes flashed, and she tossed her beautiful head, looking as tigerish as she could, the while.

"My poor girl! my dear Lucy!" sobbed Mrs. Cressy.

"It was no time for crying, mamma. They skated round and round, gabbering like a cage of monkeys, till I heard a deep voice cry 'Stand aside!' and some one's strong arm sent them flying right and left like nine-pins. Then there was a splash, and the same strong arm was wound around me, and a very threadbare coat it was that covered it, and the same deep voice whispered 'courage,' and I have a faint recollection of a handsome face gazing into mine, but I remembered nothing more."

"And what then, my dear?"

"Then they put me in a cab—not he, but some of those others, and they crowded around, and asked what they could do for me. I told them to get me the address of my preserver. Sir Hugh said the man had disappeared, but a lad told me they called him Grange, and he lived in Mute-street. Then they asked if they might see me home; and, for reply, I took off my new turban, trimmed with the wild swan's breast, and I tore out a handful of white feathers, and threw them in their faces."

"How very passionate you are, Lucy! I trusted you had learned to curb your temper," said Miss Hope.

"Temper!" echoed Lucy, "I was in a fury; but they blushed as the white feathers flew about them. Bah! the poltroons!"

"And the gentleman who saved you,—what about him?" asked her mother.

"I scarcely think I should recognise him, but I would go through fire and water for him; his arm was so strong and his voice so musical; if he would have me, I would marry him to-morrow."

"I had an instinctive knowledge she would fall in love with him," remarked Miss Faith.

So Lucy went to change her wet garments, and when that was done she came down and found that her father had returned. She told her story over again to him, and right loudly he praised the man who had saved the life of his daughter.

"I will write and ask him to dine with us, whoever he may be!"

"Yes, do!" said Lucy.

"I wonder if he is good-looking?" said Mrs. Cressy.

"He must be," said Lucy; "brave men are always handsome."

"I suppose I must just send it to Mr. Grange, Mute Street, and trust to its reaching him?" said Mr. Cressy.

"Yes, and I will go and post it myself," said Lucy.

"I had an instinctive knowledge she would post it herself," remarked Miss Faith.

In defiance of the wishes of both parents and aunts, the wilful young lady sallied out to the post-office. She gave the missive a sly kiss, dropped it into the box, and wandered back, thinking about her hero, and wondering what he thought about her.

Her thoughts ran in various directions. Would he come? Would he be good and noble, as she fancied him? Would he be rich or poor? One thing she was certain about,—she loved him. "Whatever he may be," she concluded, "Aunt Faith is sure to have had an instinctive knowledge of it—after she has seen him."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE WOOING.

THE appointed hour had come, and the Cressys sat in state, awaiting the guest. How excited and anxious they all were! Mr. Cressy, a merry, bald-headed little gentleman, with more good-nature than brains, was twisting about uneasily in his easy chair, clutching his newspaper with one hand, reading a line, and then pulling out his watch. Lucy, prettier and more wilful than ever, was carefully dressed, and learning what a painful thing patience is. Mrs. Cressy was perhaps, the most anxious of all. It was clear that this unknown gentleman had made a great impression on her daughter's heart. Would he be a suitable match? Lucy said his coat was threadbare. Well, it did not matter much if poverty were

his only fault, for Lucy would be wealthy. Miss Hope fancied she was executing a highly-finished design in wool, representing the flight into Egypt; but next morning found that it looked more like two donkeys steeple-chasing. Like the rest, her thoughts were with the mysterious guest; while Miss Faith, looking up from her knitting, asked her brother the time, and learning that the guest was a quarter of an hour late already, remarked, that she had an instinctive knowledge he would not be punctual.

"That only shows he is a gentleman," said Mrs. Cressy, complacently.

"Confound his gentility!" growled her husband.

"I trust he has blue eyes," said Miss Hope.

"I have an instinctive——"

"Bang! bang! bang!" went the knocker.

"Gad! what a noise!" exclaimed Mr. Cressy.

"He must be a lord, or at least a baronet," said his lady.

They heard the front door opened, the servant's step in the passage; the excitement was so intense that Mr. Cressy let fall his watch, and endeavoured to thrust the newspaper into his waistcoat pocket. Mrs Cressy began to mutter affectionate inquiries regarding her visitor's health, and Mrs. Hope dug her needle into her sister's arm, instead of Joseph's coat-tail. The steps came nearer, nearer, and, amid a death-like silence, a servant entered the room. Never were poet's words listened for so attentively as were that domestic's.

"If you please, ma'am, Sassage, the butcher, has come for his order."

The next instant that unfortunate serving-maid found herself in a small Bedlam. There was a unanimous scream of indignation from the ladies; and Mr. Cressy, in a towering rage, with numerous allusions to the majesty of darkness and the abode of the same, vowed that Sassage had got his last order from his house, and bade the servant kick him out.

After this unfortunate fiasco, every one was more or less depressed. They waited a few minutes longer, and were just about to order dinner to be served, when the guest himself arrived. Five pairs of eyes were fixed upon him as he entered. Fixed upon him for one fleet second, then they dropped, all except one pair. He was one of a class only too common—a fallen gentleman. His dress was good, his language that of a cultivated man, his manners easy and polished; but the once erect form was bent, the white hand trembled, the personal beauty he had previously possessed was marred, and the fine shoulders stooped more than they should, though the man was fifty-five. The one face that did not look disappointed was Miss Faith's, and she was heard to mutter, she had an instinctive knowledge he would prove a handsome man.

However, Mr. Cressy rose and said,

"Mr. Grange, I presume?"

The stranger bowed.

"The gentleman who saved my daughter's life yesterday."

The quick bright eyes looked inquiringly into Mr. Cressy's face, and then came the answer.

"I had that honour."

And poor Lucy felt a sudden pain at her heart; and when, after they had all been presented in due course to Mr. Grange, her mother asked if this were really the man, she answered:

"I cannot tell, the view I had of him in the water was so indistinct; but he is very like him, and the voice is the same: still, it cannot be—it cannot be!"

"I'm afraid it must, though," whispered her mother.

Then they went to the dining-room, where a sumptuous feast was spread. Mr. Grange's conversation was faultless, and Miss Faith and Miss Hope were especially charmed; while Mr. Cressy and he became remarkably intimate before the ladies retired.

When the two gentlemen were left alone, the wine flowed freely; and had Mr. Cressy not felt himself bound to keep pace with his guest (whereby his intellect was anything but sharpened), he would have discovered that drink was the curse that had laid its blasting hand upon his companion. The first stage was passed: they had left rational conversation behind them. Their faces grew solemn and their sentences short.

"Fortune!" said Mr. Grange, nodding to Mr. Cressy.

"Luck!" said Mr. Cressy, nodding to Mr. Grange.

The glasses were filled again.

"Lucy's health," said Mr. Cressy

"And prosperity," said Mr. Grange.

And so on, and so on, through a couple of bottles.

Then the second stage was passed, and they became loquacious.

"Get out of the way, old fellow," said Mr. Cressy, "and I'll make a speech."

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed the other.

Mr. Cressy, finding his two legs unable to sustain him, pressed the chair-back into his service, and commenced:

"Public speaking aint one of my characteristics; but on certain occasions a man rises above his characteristics, and looks down upon his previous vices and virtues with no lenient eye (gazing down the neck of the empty wine-bottle). On such occasions, a deaf man becomes an orator, and a dumb one can hear him half-a-mile away. ["Bravo, bravo!" from the audience.] It is my pleasing duty, to-night, to"—["Have another glass of wine, old boy; wet your whistle," interrupted Mr. Grange]—duty to thank

you for your gallantry in rescuing my only daughter from a watery grave ["Give me a winey one," muttered the audience], and restoring her to the bosom of her afflicted friends. Sir, let me repeat, we are deeply grateful; and permit me to give you a hint——"

"Take another drink, old man!"

Mr. Cressy eyed his glass, and calculated the chances of his being able to lift it to his head; but finding they were as a million to one, he abruptly terminated his address by resuming his seat.

So the third stage was passed.

"Let me clasp your hand, sir," said Mr. Cressy.

"With pleasure," replied the other.

But they didn't, for both gripped the wine bottle, which, however, answered their purpose just as well.

"Now, I'll give you hint, ole feller," said Mr. Cressy.

"Out with it," said Mr. Grange.

"You think my daughter pretty girlsh, eh?"

"Oh, deushed, deushed," was the reply.

"Well shesh deshperately love with shome one."

"Name! name!" said Mr. Grange.

"Guesh," said Mr. Cressy.

"Who's he? never heard of him."

"Why, it's you, man! you—you shaved her, you know."

"Never shaved any one in my life, sir; I'm a gentleman, and not a barber."

"You pulled her out of water, you know, old man, and shesh in love with you."

And Mr. Cressy gave his friend what he intended to be a facetious poke; but which proved a blow that knocked all the breath out of his body.

"Would you like proposh to-night?" said the host to his gasping guest.

"Oh! oh! oh: by all m-m-m-eans," stammered he.

Then, you shtay there—I'll shend her up," and Mr. Cressy walked out of the room, as well as he was able.

He met Lucy upon the stairs, and with a mournful shake of the head, began:

"The kind friend who presherved your life, my dear, is waiting in the dining-room to lay hish heart at your feet."

"Dear me, how kind of him!" said Lucy demurely; "but what am I to do with it papa, and wont the carpet hurt it?"

"Are you not in love with your presherver, my dear?"

"Oh very much indeed," replied Lucy, laughing.

"Thatsh all right! Thatsh all right!" said Mr. Cressy, "I told him I'd shend you up—go on, my dear;" and he ambled away.

Lucy was very much perplexed. It was ridiculous to suppose this man had saved her; he was evidently an old rogue who had received her father's letter. What should she do? after a short pause she tripped away to the drawing-room, laughing, and saying to herself, "I wonder if Aunt Faith has had an instinctive knowledge that this Mr. Grange wishes to see her."

Aunt Faith had, or at least she said so. Oh, ye spinster ladies of fifty-three, imagine the feelings of this sister of yours as she entered the presence of the gentleman who wished to see her. Imagine her beautiful glances, list to her tender sighs, then confess the poet's words are true, and

"Love is love for evermore."

As she came into the room, Mr. Grange drained his glass, and, casting a longing look upon it, turned to his visitor:

"Egad, madam! you are wearing a mask, or I have sat a few years, and not a few hours, over the good wine."

"I had an instinctive knowledge you would," murmured Miss Faith.

"Ay! you knew its quality; sharp girl!" said Mr. Grange, endeavouring to wink, and succeeding only too well: "you've been at it on the sly, eh?"

"Oh, sir, you misunderstand me!" said the horrified lady.

"Do I?"

"Yes! of course you do; but I had an instinctive knowledge you would," said Miss Faith.

"Gad! That instinctive knowledge of yours must be a fine thing, madam. Do you think if I married you, you would always have an instinctive knowledge of when I was thirsty, and an instinctive knowledge of how to get the wherewithal to allay that thirst?"

"Oh! I have an instinctive knowledge of everything," said Miss Faith, enthusiastically.

"Then you will be mine," said Mr. Grange, rising.

"Oh sir," said the blushing damsel of fifty-three, "this is so unexpect—— I mean," she continued, interrupting herself hastily —"I mean I had an instinctive knowledge you ——"

"Would give me a kiss;" said Mr. Grange, finishing her sentence, and endeavouring to salute her in the manner he had proposed; but though he could talk well enough, he did not find locomotion quite so easy, and his first attempt in that direction stretched him along the hearth-rug. However, as Miss Faith's wool slipper was just under his nose, he saluted that; and informing her he would go and tell the governor, he got up and staggered out of the room.

What is the name of the guardian angel that overlooks the destinies of the winebibber? Surely, there is such an angel, and an untiring, gentle, cool-headed creature she must be. She it was that guided Mr. Grange's hand to the door handle, after it had committed havoc among the glasses on the adjacent dumb waiter. She it was who restrained him, when he would have descended the whole flight of stairs in one stride, and she it was who guided him to the drawing-room, where he found Mr. and Mrs. Cressy alone.

"Well, ole boy! what shukshesh?" demanded the former.

"First class! first class! accepted me on the spot," replied Mr. Grange.

Mrs. Cressy looked very much amazed, and said something about "times changing," and "girls in *her* day," and a "good stick."

"Then you shall be married in a month," said Mr. Cressy.

"All right! drunk a good many times before then," replied the other.

"Sho we will, sho we will," said Mr. Cressy; "but shall I see you home, ole boy?"

"No, thank you; told my carriage to call."

"Your carriage?" said Mrs. Cressy, involuntarily.

"Yes! my carriage—it's sure to be waiting; my man knows my ways, and he's a trustworthy fellow, very—never knew him get drunk except once, and that was one day when I headed a temperance deputation, and didn't need his services."

"We will escort you down," said Mrs. Cressy, who was very desirous of seeing their guest's equipage, and who was beginning to think Lucy might not have done so badly in accepting him.

"Ah, there's my brougham!" exclaimed Mr. Grange, when the door opened.

"Where? I don't see anything?" said Mrs. Cressy, peering around.

"Why here, madam, here—good night!"

Just then a stout porter trotted up with a hand barrow, and depositing Mr. Grange therein like one well accustomed to his work, he wheeled him off, whistling softly that noble and appropriate air, "See, the Conquering Hero comes."

Have you found out who he is?" demanded Mrs. Cressy of her husband.

"Coursh I have, my love."

"Well, who is he?"

"Mind, itsh great, tremendoush shecret, my dear."

"Yes, yes; I know that."

"And you'll not breathe it to living shoul?" said Mr. Cressy, sinking his voice, and looking very mysterious.

"No, no!" said his wife, impatiently.

"Then," bending down and whispering in her ear, "hesh a olly good feller."

It might have been her master's best hat falling from its peg in the passage which produced that very remarkable report. "It might have been that," said the housemaid, who heard it even in the kitchen; "but I'll take my Bible oath it sounded more like somebody getting his ears boxed."

## CHAPTER III.

### PARTED.

Now who is this mysterious Mr. Grange? He is the father of his son, Felix; and his son Felix is very much in love with a young lady whom he first saw on the ice last Monday, whose name he does not know, but at whose position he can guess from the familiarity with which she conversed with the wealthy and titled men around her. Felix felt that his love was hopeless, but it was love all the same. He was poor, and she was rich! True, he had once held a higher position in society than she; for his father had been a prosperous country squire, but drink had ruined him, as it is ruining many a better, and nobler, and wiser man, every day of the year. And now Felix had to work hard to keep himself and his father in food and raiment. How dare he think of love, of marriage? Pooh! it was worse than folly. Still, the stubborn fact stared him in the face; he loved this pretty, vivacious little lady. Then he thought of those men he had seen flattering and praising her on the lake. Nice men they were, to forsake her in her need! But they had wealth, and she would probably forgive their cowardice and forget their desertion.

With these bitter thoughts busy in his brain, he met his father at the breakfast-table on the Wednesday morning—the morning after Mr. Grange had dined with the Cressys.

"Felix, I am going to marry!" said his father abruptly.

"Indeed!" replied Felix; "how has this come about?"

"Very simply," answered Mr. Grange. "I got a letter yesterday morning, inviting me to dine with a Mr. Cressy. I went and spent a very agreeable evening."

"Very!" interrupted Felix, significantly.

"It seems that I had rescued the daughter from extreme peril," exclaimed his father, "and they were all deeply grateful, especially the young lady herself."

"And what had you done to merit all this?" asked Felix.

"That I could not make out very clearly, but they all had the story at their finger-ends; something about the ice breaking, and my risking my life to save the girl."

"But did you do this?" persisted Felix.

"I suppose I must, when—when——"

"When you were, to speak vulgarly, drunk."

"Precisely!"

"And she seemed to like you, did she?" asked Felix, with set teeth and cold, glittering eyes.

"She threw her arms about me, and kissed me."

"Anything else?" demanded Felix.

"Could scarcely get away from her," said Mr. Grange.

"Had she the key of the wine-cellar?"

"I quite forgot to ask: we were so occupied with our billing and cooing, and we are to be married in a month."

"Is this true?" said Felix, sternly.

"True as the Gospel."

"Then, good-bye: if ever you are in want of money write to my friend Harrington. I will leave my address with him."

And before Mr. Grange could overcome his astonishment, Felix was gone.

## CHAPTER IV.

### WON.

"LUCY, you will never be so foolish as to go skating again?" said her mother.

"Yes, I will," replied Lucy, determinedly.

"I had an instinctive knowledge she would," remarked Miss Faith.

And Lucy went. It was this same Wednesday morning, and there was a grin upon the pretty face as she passed through the street. She wanted to know, to speak to this mystic love of hers, and why could she not? it was almost the first thing that had been denied her since her birth, so she arrived at the lake in no good humour.

She was a universal favourite, and the men crowded around her, but with as haughty a stare as she could assume, she passed through the midst of them.

"Really, Miss Cressy, your sudden ducking took us all by surprise," said Mr. Malvern.

"My ducking most humbly apologises for incommoding so *gallant a gentleman*," replied Lucy, with biting emphasis on the last three words.

"And, Miss Cressy," said young Terrence, "the other fellow gave us no time——"

"To go home and ask your mamma's permission. It was very wrong of him, and I apologise for 'the other fellow.'"

"Don't be so hard upon us, Miss Cressy?" said Sir Hugh; no one can doubt my courage——"

"I should think not, after what took place on Monday," and she skated away.

Lucy had made up her mind what to do—wilful, rash, determined, to the last. Her beautiful circles, her graceful figures, and her fantastic evolutions, had drawn all eyes upon her, when suddenly she skated up to the new thin ice which had formed over the scene of her late catastrophe.

There was a loud shout of warning, but she went on. An ominous crack!

"This will bring him to the fore if he is here," thought Lucy.

The ice broke, and she was in the water once more. Could she believe her senses? Was it the same musical voice that rung in her ears? "Yes, yes! It could be no other," and he was helping her out.

"What are you going to run away again, sir?" were her first words.

"I beg your pardon; not if I can be of any service," replied Felix.

"Of course you can be of service; you will take me home?"

"But your friends, these other gentlemen——"

"Are white feathers, cowards;" interrupted Lucy, stamping her foot petulantly.

So she took him home with her, as Aunt Faith had an instinctive knowledge she would, and at the end of a month there were two marriages instead of one; and while at the breakfast, Mrs. Grange senior confessed to have had an instinctive knowledge of how all these things would come to pass, her sister, who was at that moment reclining upon the flight into Egypt, remarked sternly that she "trusted she had seen the end of such frivolities in the family;" but as she beamed lovingly on a Pickwickian old bachelor opposite, the reader may take her words for what they are worth—in fact, he can take them on trust.

W. Dinsdale.

# HORACE:

## A NOVEL.

BY MATTHEW SETON,
Author of "Sidera," "The Love of Lennox," etc.

### IN WHICH JACK IS DISTRESSED AND PATTY PERPLEXED.

"Ah, me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
*A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

THE young blacksmith left the "Little Wonder" with his bosom so bursting with jealous fury against the supposed seducer of his heart's treasure, that it was probably lucky for Mr. Grantley Winn that fate had not decreed that at that time he should be one of the guests at the Manor. Had he happened to show his beautiful rose-pink face at that moment in the village, a miracle only would have saved it from being smashed into a horrible pulp by that terrible sledge-hammer arm of Jack Ribstone's, wrought into muscles of iron, from daily wielding of another kind of sledge-hammer. But as no visible foe was present whose head he could batter in, Jack was forced to wend his way through the village, with the satisfaction of doubling his fist occasionally at an imaginary one; and at length found himself in his father's cottage. He dragged a chair to the fire and sat down without saying a word, burying his face in his hands.

"Why, Jack, my dear lad, what ever is the matter?" cried his mother, a frail, slender little woman, who physically looked any thing but a suitable partner for her stalwart consort, now puffing his pipe in the little banquet-room of the "Little Wonder."

A half-suppressed sob was the only reply. Mrs. Ribstone went up to her son, and began stroking his hair gently with her thin, tiny hand. "My dear, *dear* boy, what ever is it? Don't ye take on so—don't ye, now; but tell me why 'tis you've left the company so early, and what's upset you so?"

"It's all along of Patty Dean and young Mr. Winn," blurted out Jack between his sobs.

"Young Mr. Winn!" said his mother, "He arn't down here, is he, Jack?"

"By God!—I only wish he were!" cried Jack, lifting his head up and shaking his fist.

"Why, whatever would you do to him, Jack? He's never done you no hurt—has he?"

"Aint he, mother? Aint he stolen the girl I loved better than my own life? Aint she lived as 'ousemaid in his mother's 'ouse, and aint he bamfoozled her with his presents and flatterings, and at last come nigh to ruin her? Aint he the father of little Fanny, though nobody's guessed it but Cobb." Aint he done all this? And if he have, aint he done me a mortal injury?"

"You never mean to say, Jack, that young Mr. Winn, who was down at the Manor last year, is the father of Patty's child?"

"Aye, but I do, though. You ask Cobb, mother. He'll tell you all about the money-orders the sneaking blackguard keeps sending to Patty: and heaps of love-messages along wi' them, you may be sure." And, with a big oath, Jack brushed the tears from his eyes and got up from his chair, and began stamping with his foot, and cursing Mr. Grantley Winn till he seemed unable to curse any more.

"My poor lad, don't take on so?" said his mother, patting him on the shoulder soothingly. "I know 'tis hard upon ye. I know that girl was the very light of your eyes, and that you worshipped the very ground she stood on, though your father was against it from the first; but, may be, my lad, 'tis for the best, after all. Pat was always a bit light in, my opinion; and now that we know what's happened, it's, may be, just as well she never married you. A girl in her station of life that sets her cap at gentlemen would have made you but a poor wife, Jack."

"I don't believe that, mother. Patty liked a bit of fun, like other girls, and took a delight in teasing me when she could; but I'll be sworn she'd never set her cap at anybody in any forward kind of a way; least of all at gentlemen. It's going to London that did it, you may depend. That dolly-faced raskil—my God! if I only had him here!—has got over her with his fine speeches, and betrayed the poor girl. Poor Pat was always as soft as grease about some things.

"Aint nobody else as soft as grease, my lad?" said Mrs. Ribstone, smiling.

"You mean me, mother? Very like I am. I do love Patty yet, I'll own, in spite of everything. Aint it precious hard that a fellow like me, who works all he knows for his daily bread, and has never loved but the one girl, should have her stolen from him by the first young chip with ne'er a hair on his face that calls hisself a gentleman? Aint there enough among them that he moved among in London that he should want to possess hisself of other folks' property?" It's every bit as bad, I say, as the rich gentleman that stole the poor man's ewe-lamb, that the parson was preaching about last Sunday. My ewe-lamb is Patty Dean; and young Mr. Winn, '*Thou* art the man,'" cried Jack, hitting out with his

fist, as if, indeed, the man was cringing before him, and he himself was a second prophet Nathan, commissioned not only to denounce, but to destroy.

"Will he marry Patty, dy'e think, Jack?" said his mother.

"Marry her! not he. 'Taint likely. Them in his class know better nor that. They don't mind having their pleasure out of a poor country-girl for the time being, and going the nearest way to ruin her, but when it comes to marrying of her and making her a respectable woman, oh! then, my stars, she'll find she's got in the wrong box. They aint honourable enough for that. Besides, what would his 'pa and 'ma, and all his fine relations, say to it? Marry her! If he sends her a bit o' money sometimes to help to keep Fanny, that is the most he'll ever do, you may depend."

"You wouldn't marry Patty yourself now, Jack, supposing she was willing?" said Mrs. Ribstone, looking at him anxiously.

"I don't know so much about that, mother," said the young blacksmith, sadly. "If Pat would have me, I believe I would, after all's said and done."

"Your father would never hear of it, my lad. He was against Patty from the first, and always said you should have more spirit than let a girl like her toss her head at you. He always wanted you to look a bit higher than her. He thought you might have had a fair chance wi' Lobb's girl, or even wi' one of the Miss Cornishes. But *now*, if you was to marry Patty, he'd shut the door on her, you may rest assured."

"I know that well enough," said Jack, gloomily;" and there's not a day passes but he goes on at me about Patty. This very afternoon, up at "The Little Wonder," he's been carrying on that horrible, you never heard the like. Him and me was coming near having a regular shindy if it hadn't have been for Cornish. Its a strange kind of a way for a father to go on, it appears to me. Anyways, I'm for none of his Lobbs or Cornishes; and it'll not be him that'll stop me marrying Patty, so be she's willin' to have me. Father may shut the door if he likes; but I can earn enough anyday to keep Patty and me, without being beholden to him. *You* wouldn't be against her and me—would you, mother?"

"My dear, dear lad, it's not your mother that would ever be against you; leastways I hope not," said Mrs. Ribstone, stroking his hair fondly. Aint it always been my greatest happiness in life to see my Jack happy? 'Tis true Patty has had a slip, and 'tis true likewise that she's not *just* the girl I'd have thought worthy of you, Jack, nor maybe, the one I wished you to keep company with; but it can't be helped now, and I always say its always best to make the best of things; and what's the odds so long as you're happy? And if you and Pat *do* come to terms and get married, it

wont be *me* that'll shut the door on either of you, you may depend. But, Jack, there's one thing particular I want you to promise me. You'll not be after quarrelling with your father, say what he may, that's a a dear lad? It do give me sich a turn when I hear high words between him and you, and brings on my palpitation that bad I never have an hour's sleep."

"All right, mother," said Jack, kissing her. "Ne'er a word will I utter, say what he likes; and as its most like he'll be here shortly, and maybe not in the best tempers, I think I'll hook it out of the way in the meantime."

The young blacksmith took his hat and his departure, and not five minutes after the old blacksmith made his appearance with his not over-angelic temper considerably vitalised by the generous potations of "The Little Wonder." In the meantime, the cause of Jack's recent outburst of emotion had been regaling herself with a feast of cold chicken and tea and muffins, and every conceivable kind of preserve, in Mrs. Plumtree's room at the manor. She had taken Fanny with her, at the housekeeper's special desire, for Mrs. Bowditch had expressed a particular wish to see the infant.

"So this is little Fan?" said the cook, as Fanny's mother lifted the veil from the face of that ever good-tempered child. "Bless me, Patty, why she grows as fast as little master up-stairs. Oh! the little duck! aint her eyes a lovely blue? and, my word! aint she plump? she's like a little batter-pudding, she is. Look, Mrs. Plumtree, there's a pair of calves for a child scarcely turned two months! You may well be proud of her, Patty."

Patty looked proud and happy enough, as she took back her baby from Mrs. Bowditch; but, nevertheless, had to occupy herself with a vast deal of hugging and kissing, to conceal those awkward blushes which would crimson her face whenever she thought of the child's history.

"Fanny'll be as like yourself as it's possible to be, Patty," remarked Mrs. Plumtree, beginning to pour out the tea. "She's your very image as it is. Help yourself to a muffin, my dear, and some of that marmalade. I made it myself, last week, and you can't eat too much of it. Will you be glad if little Fan turns out like you, Patty?"

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Plumtree; it's what I want above all things."

"It's like enough you'll have your wish, in my opinion," said Mrs. Bowditch. "As Mrs. Plumtree remarked, she's your own very image at this moment. Them sweet little blue eyes of hers are as like your own as two peas."

"Her hair seems to be coming very, very light, if my old eyes don't deceive me," said Mrs. Plumtree, adjusting her spectacles,

and peering at the child's head. "Very light; lighter, one would suppose, even than your own, Patty."

"Is it, Mrs. Plumtree?" said Patty, colouring deeply, as she thought of a certain young nobleman whose hair was "very, very light." "Mine, you known, is pretty near as light as it could be for a girl."

"For a *girl!* Yes, you're pretty near right there, my dear," said Mrs. Plumtree. "But I have seen some men in my time with hair lighter than yours, Patty.—Come in!" continued the housekeeper, as there came a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of Master Horace Winn's nurse.

"Little master's asleep, I suppose?" said Mrs. Plumtree. "How does he feel himself, now that he has come into all his proper styles and titles?"

"It was a trying hordeal for a little thing to pass through," remarked Mrs. Bowditch, gravely. "Such a many strange faces, you know."

"Bless his little 'eart!" said the nurse, "he's sleeping like a cherubim!"

"Well, here's a sleeping seraphim to match him," said Mrs. Plumtree, pointing to Patty's lap, on which Fanny was dozing, having crowed herself to sleep.

"Bless its little face!" said the nurse; "she's a sweet pretty pet, there's no denying, but hardly so pretty as Master 'orace."

"Aint she, truly?" said Patty, looking somewhat vexed.

"Never you mind, my dear," said Mrs. Plumtree, laughing. "Everybody thinks their own crow the blackest; and there's not many babies will beat your little Fan for looks and good nature. When his lordship is pleased to wake up, Jenks, you might bring him down, and show him to Patty here. She'll like to see him, I'll warrant."

"Oh, shouldn't I, just!" cried Patty. "Do bring him, ma'am, if you please! I should dearly like to see if Fanny's as fat as Master Horace."

"Well, if he's awake, miss, you shall see him," said Jenks, smiling at Patty's enthusiasm, and leaving the room.

She returned presently with the little heir, looking fresh and rosy from his recent slumbers, and seated herself beside Patty. Fanny at the same moment woke up, and the two babies, catching sight of each other's face, opened their large eyes to their utmost possible extent, and lay staring at each other with an earnestness and gravity which, as Mrs. Bowditch remarked, "made quite a picture."

"Bless their pretty 'earts!" said the nurse. "Aint they two little dears?"

"For all the world, like two cousins—eh, Patty?" said Mrs. Plumtree, glancing keenly at the young mother, who blushed under the gaze.

"Begging your pardon, Mrs. Plumtree, said Mrs. Bowditch; "but, if I may venture to say so, brother and sister."

"Now, aint they, Mrs. Bowditch?" said Jenks.

"You're wrong, Mrs. Bowditch, in this instance," said Mrs. Plumtree, oracularly. "The resemblance is not sufficient for brother and sister; but it quite bears out my observation that there is a very marked likeness of a *cousinly* description."

"You're right, Mrs. Plumtree, I don't doubt," said Mrs. Bowditch, with some defference. "You can see, if I may so say, closer into those things than most people, being so long in the family; and as I often say, who should know about family portraits and gen'aligies if Mrs. Plumtree don't."

"Well, my dear, which do you think is the fattest of the two, Fanny or Master Horace?" said Mrs. Plumtree to Patty.

"Master Horace seems to me the biggest grown for his age of the two, Mrs. Plumtree; but I think Fan has got the fattest legs, and the most colour in her cheeks." At which little bit of innocent maternal pride they all laughed; and soon after Patty departed with her Fanny, the venerable housekeeper not forgetting to furnish her with a little basket of comforts for the almost equally venerable, but less fortunate, Mrs. Marrowfat.

"Tell Granny to cheer up, Patty," said Mrs. Plumtree," and I'll be down, if I can, to see her to-morrow."

"She's fretting to see you dreadful, Mrs. Plumtree, so do come!" said Patty.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### LOVE AMONG THE TOMBS.

"He, with no feigned delight,
Had woo'd the maiden day and night,
Had lov'd her night and morn:
What could he less than love a maid,
Whose heart with so much nature play'd,
So kind and so forlorn?"

WORDSWORTH

PATTY, having deposited Fanny and her basket in the lodge, went on to the village on an errand for her mother. Just as she was turning the corner of one of the little streets, Jack Ribstone was turning it on the other side, and they almost ran into each other's arms. Patty cried, "O, Jack!" and would have hurried on; but Jack caught hold of her arm and held her back. "You're

always running from me, Patty, as if I was the plague and the pestilence," said the young blacksmith, reproachfully. "You were never overfond of me, I'm aware; but I don't know what you can have agen me so particular. I'm sure nobody can say as how I didn't always behave respectful to you."

"It would be a lie if they did, Jack; I've nothing against you."

"Then, why do you run from me, Patty?"

Patty hung down her head, and the tears came into her eyes; but she made no answer.

"'Tis only since you've come back home from London," said Jack. Before that you'd tease me and laugh at me a-bit, I know; but you was always glad to see me, and willing to take walks with me. I aint as fine, maybe, as those you've seen whilst you was away; I aint good enough for you now, I suppose—that's about it."

The humility of this speech from her former lover quite overcame poor Patty. Knowing, as he must, the circumstances of her case, she had expected he would have taken advantage of them to resent in some measure her former light treatment of him—of all men, it was he whom she had most avoided; but, on the contrary, here he was, the same humble-minded, honest, and adoring Jack as of old, not even so much as hinting that he knew of her misfortune. The tears which had gathered to her eyes increased in fulness, and coursed down her cheeks.

"It's not that, Jack," she murmured; "and it's cruel of you to say so. You must know very well what has happened."

"Yes: I know it right well," said Jack sadly, "and may bad luck follow them that brought the trouble on you, 'cause I'm sure it weren't *you* as was to blame at the beginning of it. But, anyways I don't see as how that's any reason for running away whenever you catch sight of me."

"I thought, may be, you would despise me, Jack," cried Patty, fairly sobbing; "and— and— you know I've not behaved well to you. I was always off-hand and jeering, and making light of you; and now I know you were better than me, after all."

"I wish to goodness you would jeer and take me off as you used to!" said Jack, mournfully." I'd give my right arm to see you with your old spirits, Patty. You couldn't surely think *I'd* disrespect you for what has come to pass, or that your jeering of me in past times would make me cast your misfortunes in your teeth. I'd think scorn of myself to do any sich a thing, and I swear no sich thought ever came into my head."

"I'm sure, I'm grateful to you, Jack," said Patty, giving him one of her hands and wiping her eyes with the other; "and I'm sure there's not many men would have behaved to me like you

have, as I ought to have known better than to think you would have taken the advantage of me in my trouble."

"Will you take a little walk with me, Patty, as you used to do?" said Jack, retaining her hand. "It's pretty nigh as dark now as it will be, and we can go by the back of the parsonage, if you'd rather nobody should see us."

"I will, Jack," said Patty; "but we mustn't be long, for mother sent me for some candles, and she'll be wondering where I've got to."

"They passed up a lane at the back of the vicarage until they came to the churchyard, into which they entered, and continued their walk under its deep-shadowed yews and elms.

"You've never even let me see Fanny," said Jack.

"I didn't suppose you'd have cared to see her, considering what she is."

"I only considered she was a child of yours; that was enough for me," said Jack. "Father and some of them in the village are always teasing me about standing by you, Patty, and telling me I ought to have given you up long ago; but, somehow, I'm fonder of you than ever I was, and I think I worship everything that belongs to you—leastways, I know I should do Fanny, though—though, in course, she partly belongs to another as well as yourself."

"I will show her to you some day, Jack. She's the prettiest little thing you ever see, and she *has* such a merry way with her."

"Like?" asked Jack.

"As like me as I am to my own self. The very same coloured eyes and all."

"Not a bit like *him*, then?" said Jack.

"As far as is possible to judge at present, not the least," said Patty slowly. "She's her mother all over."

"I know who *him* is," said Jack, after a pause. "You wont be angry with me, Patty?"

"It's not true; you *don't* know, Jack!" cried Patty, stopping short, and speaking with great vehemence, as she looked him anxiously in the face. "Who told you?"

"Cobb."

"Oh!" cried Patty, as a sudden intuition flashed through her; "it must have been that letter, with the order enclosed, I got yesterday. Cobb thinks it's Mr. Grantley Winn?"

"That he do," said Jack.

"Then he's mistaken—that's all," cried Patty, fiercely, "'Tis true, he sent me the order; but then, when I left Mrs. Winn, he gave me no present, as is the custom with most young ladies and gentlemen when any of the servants leave."

"Then, young Mr. Winn aint Fanny's father, after all, Patty?" said Jack. "You wouldn't say it were not the fact if it were—would you now?"

"How should I?" cried Patty, indignantly; and perhaps it was well that the darkness concealed the tell-tale scarlet which covered her cheeks as she spoke. "I tell you what it is, Jack, if you're going to believe anything of that sort, and going to make others believe it, the less you and I have to say to each other the better."

"Don't take me up so short, Patty?" said Jack, deprecatingly. "I aint going to make anybody believe Mr. Winn is Fanny's father, now you've told me he aint. Your word's enough for me! 'Tis true, I did hint about it to mother, but 'tis easy to undeceive her. I'm mortally glad Mr. Winn's got nothing to do with it, 'cause I'd vowed if he showed his face here again to smash every bone in his body, and then to chuck him into Farmer Dawe's duck-pond. 'Twas entirely agen him I was set—not agen you, Patty,"

"Then you needn't be against him any more, you see," said Patty.

"I suppose you wouldn't be willing to say who Fanny's *real* father is?" Jack ventured, to observe, after a moment or two.

"It's cruel of you to put such a question, Jack; and it's one I don't intend to answer for nobody," said Patty, in an upbraiding voice, which threatened soon to become again assisted with tears.

"I didn't mean no offence," said Jack, earnestly, "and I'll never put the question agen as long as I live. If you wish to keep it a secret, a sacred secret it shall be for me, were I to take my Bible oath of it. But you won't take no offence at one question I wish to ask—will you, Patty?"

"It depends, Jack. What is it?"

"Well, it's whether you love whoever is Fanny's father just the same as you loved him before—well, you know, before you came back from London?"

"No, I don't, Jack," said Patty, quietly. "I don't know as I ever loved him very much, even when things seemed to be at the best. Any way, I don't love him one bit *now*, and never mean to have nothing more to do with him."

Jack gave a deep sigh, and said in a low voice, "I'm so glad to hear you speak like that, Patty, you don't know. Somehow, it seems as if a mountain had been lifted off my breast."

They paused for a moment in their walk under a wide-spreading yew-tree, and then Jack suddenly placed himself in front of her, while he began in a hesitating tone, "Patty, you won't take no offence at one other question I wish to put, whether the answer you will give to it be 'yes,' or be 'no?'"

"What is it?" said Patty, dropping her eyes, which had been looking into his.

"Could you love *me*, Patty?—me, Jack Ribstone, were it only but one little bit?" cried Jack, fervently.

Patty sighed, and turned away, gazing pensively at the graves around her; but made no answer.

"I know I aint nothing to speak of in looks, nor yet in ways, that mostly takes a girl's fancy," began Jack, construing her silence into inability to answer him as he wished. "You're a lovely girl, Patty—the loveliest in this parish, and in all the country round, to my thinking; while I'm but a rough fellow to look at, and nowise captiwating, either in cleverness nor manners; and maybe it's overbold to think such a girl as you could love a fellow like me, even ever so little."

"It's not overbold a-bit, Jack; and any girl ought to be proud to love you," said Patty, turning her face to him. "You mayn't be very handsome, but you aint ugly; and you're good-hearted and honest-minded, if you aint over clever. It wasn't that made me not speak. It was thinking that, supposing I said I did love you, it might be worse for you than if I said I didn't.'

"Nay, Patty, how could that be, so be you really felt it?" cried Jack, eagerly.

"Why, in this way, Jack. Most of the neighbours, you know, consider me as a girl that has forfeited her character. Well, supposing I was to tell you I loved you, and we was to get married, they would be sure to say you had gone and lowered yourself, and might have done much better. It was the harm to you I was thinking of."

"Let 'em say what they like," cried Jack, getting hold of Patty's little hand, and gripping it passionately in his own. "Only say the word, Patty—only say that you can love me, and let 'em say what they like; I'll think myself the proudest man in the whole parish."

"I can truly say I love you, Jack," said Patty, simply; "not only a little bit, but a great deal." And on the word, Jack had slipped his arm round her waist, and was holding her tightly to his breast, as he leaned his back against the yew-tree.

"You'll let me kiss you, now you've said that?" he whispered in her ear.

"Yes, if you like to," said Patty, putting her face up to meet his lips, which, having once met hers, seemed totally incapable of relaxing their enjoyment.

"It seems amost too much happiness, Patty," he said, when at length he had ceased from very weariness. "'Tis a thing hardly to be believed that a girl like you could love one like me so quick, without, as it were, having got used to it a-bit. I must kiss you agen. to make sure it aint a vision. 'Twas a thing I

could scarce have dared to hope, that my lips should ever be where they are now."

"There, now, take them away," said Patty, blushing, and withdrawing her face; "you keep them there more than is necessary, Jack."

"But not more than is agreeable, Patty dear—leastways, for me," cried Jack, laughing, and looking with a longing eye at the averted cheek. "Tell me, Patty, how came you to love me so sudden-like?"

"May be it wasn't so sudden as you think, dear Jack. (Is it because I called you *dear* Jack that you squeeze me so hard? Then I won't call you that again, you may be sure.) I think I always liked you, in spite of my teasing and laughing at you, though I should have liked you ever so much better if you hadn't taken it so much to heart, and had answered up to me more spirited-like. I don't think when I got the place in London I was sorry to part from you; for I thought it would be nice to live in a gayer society than here, and that perhaps I might find some one more bright and lively than you to keep company with. But all that foolishness has been driven clean out of my head now, I think; and since you've behaved so noble to me, Jack, and been so constant, I've felt I loved you with all my heart."

There were some tears in Patty's eyes as she made the confession, and turned her face once more to look at her lover. Jack drew her closer to him, and whispered, "Call me dear Jack again, Patty?"

"Dear Jack," said Patty, kissing him. "And you?" she continued, "you've always loved me?"

"That I have, Patty—there's no mistake about it," cried the young blacksmith. "Since ever I set eyes on you, Pat, dear, I've thought of nothing but you, day and night, sunrise and sunset. When I blew the furnace up to white-heat I used to see your dear little face in the coals as clear as noon-day, and when you went I was nigh heart-broke, and that is the fact. Ne'er a girl but you have I loved, Patty, and ne'er a girl but you will I ever love; and that I swear by the quick and dead that lies in these graves!"

"I believe you, Jack," said Patty.

"And when shall we get married, Patty?"

"Oh, not for some time. I shouldn't wish to too soon, considering everything. Besides, Jack, I fear the notion of our getting married at all will make your father and mother wild!"

"Father, to be sure, will go on about it; but I can earn enough in the smithing line to keep you and Fanny. But as for mother, you needn't trouble about her, for she'll be like a mother to you well as your own. She's promised me as much already."

"Has she, Jack?" cried Patty, with her face brightening. "Then I'm content. 'Tis more than I could have expected of her. But we wont get married yet awhile; only keep company together. Now I must be off to get them candles, for mother 'll be wondering whatever has become of me."

"And you'll bring Fanny next time to show me—eh, Patty?" said Jack, as he once more availed himself of covering her pretty face with kisses.

"Yes, yes! There, go on!" cried Patty, as she at length freed herself from his embraces and ran away. "But I wouldn't let you nurse her, Jack; no, not if you were to go down on your knees and beg me to. A big, clumsy, awkward fellow like you would let her drop. You haven't had any experience yet in acting the part of a father," she laughed back at him in something of her old tone of banter. At which manifestation of returning gaiety Jack went home delighted.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE MERMAID.

"Luc.—Pray you, sit down,
For now we sit to chat as well as eat.
Pet.—Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!"
*Taming of the Shrew.*

"What elysium have ye known,
Happy fields or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?"
KEATS.

LEAVING for a time our hero and heir to grow and to crow in his snug nest at Wintoun, and "fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses," to become every day a more precious idol of that mother's heart, and the ever-increasing delight of his father and Mrs. Plumtree, let us follow, for a little those full-blown men of the world, Mr. Grantley Winn and Mr. Frederick Grossmith in some episodes of their exciting career about town; promising to return to the interesting Horace, when he shall have burst as it were, the swaddling bands of infancy, and arrived at that age when the first early lispings are making room for the assured accents of articulate language. Mr. Winn and Mr. Grossmith had met at Snaggs' billiard rooms, on the evening of that eventful day when Grantley had made, as he thought, such triumphant way with his heiress.

That young gentleman was so elated with his success, that, somehow, it seemed to inspire his hand with unwonted cunning, and he won several half-crowns from his companion, who remarked, however, as he paid his debts, that it was owing to a series of

"beastly flukes." After leaving Snaggs's, they repaired to Mr. Grossmith's newly-found restaurant, which had lately opened its portals to the public, in the neighbourhood of Waterloo Place. Just as they turned out of Pall Mall, they came upon Chiffin. Chiffin was, like Mr. Grossmith, a gentleman supposed to be cramming for the army; but the difference between them was, that while Chiffin really did cram himself with Euclid a certain number of hours every day, Fred spent most of his time in borrowing money from Chiffin to cram his earthly tabernacle with good dinners.

"Jove! Chiffin," cried Mr. Grossmith, seizing him by the hand with much affection, "where the deuce are you off to, old man? Come on, up this way, with us. Winn and I are going to do a dinner at the "Mermaid." Then he whispered hastily to Grantley: "We could pay for him between us, and arrange about the signature to that bill—eh?"

"All right; I'll stand you both," whispered Grantley, whose heart felt uncommonly generous that evening.

"Look here, Chiff, old boy," continued Fred, aloud, "I must stand you a dinner, you know. I owe you *that* much for all the devilish obliging things you've done me. By-the-bye, you needn't bother yourself about that little affair of ours. Saw Salomans to-day, and it's all right. Either I'll be ready with the needful, or he'll renew; so come along with us."

Chiffin began to murmur some excuse about a previous engagement; but being a gentleman of slightly unstable character, he allowed Mr. Grossmith to link his arm in his, and having done so, Fred again adjured him to come along, and dragged him captive to the Mermaid. The Mermaid's bill of fare was a various and generous one, and the three diners laid it under considerable tribute. They, of course, began with soup. Grantley called for a plate of ox-tail, while Chiffin and Grossmith feasted on mock-turtle. This was accompanied by a pint of sherry. Then all three addressed themselves to salmon cutlets; after which followed curried pigeons, veal patties, roast pheasant, wild duck, apple fritters, mince pies, and, in fact, everything in the shape of what are called "the delicacies of the season." To wash down the several dainties, there flowed copious libations of champagne, claret, madeira, in grateful alliance with sips of curaçoa and maraschino. On no account could the sequel of a prime Stilton be omitted, with an accompanying bottle of the oldest port that ever was cellared. During the consumption of the banquet, the conversation was confined, on the part of Grantley and Fred, to a sort of elegant, fashionable "shop," of a somewhat braggadocia character; on the part of Chiffin, to listening wonderment and an occasional question—for, compared to his two experienced friends,

Chiffin was a perfect novice. Mr. Grossmith purposely avoided any reference to the subject of Mr. Collins and the reversion, sagaciously reflecting that it should be put aside until that auspicious moment when "the wine is in and the wit is out." In the meantime, he took a tender charge of Chiffin's glass, which he constantly replenished, in spite of that young man's repeated avowals that he would soon get "screwed."

"Not drinking, Chiff!" he would exclaim, with a wink at Mr. Winn. "Fill up, old fellow! No heel-taps permitted on these premises. Screwed?—what the devil? Haven't drank enough to make a pigeon tight. Here, waiter, bring this gentleman another curaçoa!"

But now that dessert had duly made its appearance, and Chiffin's loquacity gave token that the supreme moment had arrived, Mr. Grossmith burst into the matter. "By-the-bye, Chiff, my boy, I and Grant have been visiting the Israelites to-day, and we want your assistance."

"*My* assistance, Fred? Why, what on earth do you mean? You don't want me to put my name to a fresh bill, do you? You're not going to ask me for my s'curity again, are you? If you are, I'm blessed if I'll give it you. I'm blessed if I'll sign another bill in my life. That other one's been on my mind night and day for ever-so-long. Blessed if I know if it's all right yet. I tell you I'll be hanged if I put my name to any more of your paper." Chiffin fired off this declaration with a rapidity quite new to him, and with much excitement of manner in his flushed face, which was gradually beginning to blaze like a fiery furnace.

"Not primed enough yet," thought Fred; "he's only in the contradictory style at present; we must get him into the amiable and open-hearted one.—I say Chiff," he said soothingly, "you needn't come down upon a fellow in that way about an innocent request. Daresay Winn and I can manage without you. As to the other affair, I swear it's all right. This new business is quite different. No risk or liability for any body, I take my oath. But we wont talk about it, old fellow, if it's at all disagreeable. Finish out that bottle beside you. Devilish good port, I call it—eh, Winn?"

"I believe you, my boy," said Grantley. "Go ahead, Chiffin!"

Chiffin had now reached that stage when he no longer felt any inconvenient disinclination to go ahead; so he went ahead, by half-filling a tumbler with the ancient port beside him and then passing it on to Grantley. This last libation seemed to act like magic on Chiffin's temper, for, from being defiant and contradictory, he suddenly became the very pink of confidence. His face assumed a series of unimaginable smiles, and, in its genial illumination, looked the very picture of good-nature and generosity.

"What was't you were saying, Grossmith, 'bout wanting me t' sign new bill and reversion?" he suddenly began, quite voluntarily, "I have him," thought Fred. "The pear's ripe at last; d——d if I don't pluck it.—Oh, *that*, Chiff?" he said, with great astonishment. "'Pon my honour, old fellow, I'd quite forgotten it." He accordingly gave Chiffin a circumstantial account of the interview with Mr. Collins, and clearly demonstrated that the reversion being pledged as security, Chiffin's signing the bill would be solely and purely a matter of form."

Chiffin, whose face continued to beam with spontaneous benevolence, needed no persuasion now to convince him. "You don't require t' say a word more, Fred," he put in. "I'm your man t' any amount. Sign all the bills in creation, old—old f'llow, so 'long's I know s'curity's good."

"Say, Winn, what do you say to having a brandy at the bar before sloping off to the 'Pavilion?'" suggested Fred, as he thanked Chiffin for his promise. Grantley expressed himself perfectly ready; and having paid the bill, which he found made a bigger hole in his purse than he expected, the three adjourned to the colossal buffet, close by, which was served with admirable efficiency by a regiment of blooming barmaids.

"I say, hang it all! you're much too lovely, you know, for this kind of thing," said Mr. Winn, addressing one of the damsels in question with that easy familiarity which sat so well on an experienced man about town like himself, and which was the more delightful, considering it was the first time he had set eyes on the youug lady. Being a young lady of a modest nature, she seemed a little surprised at such a sudden development of gallantry, and blushed prettily as she handed him his glass of brandy. "The idea!" she murmured, turning to a sister of the bar; and then the two turned away and burst out laughing as they washed a couple of empty glasses.

"Now, then, I say, don't keep it all to yourselves; let's have the joke," said Grantley, who, having dined, was in what he would have called capital form for anything. "You, with the fids of black hair; I say, you're a devilish pretty girl!"

"He hasn't much of that article to spare himself—eh, Miss Jebb?" laughed the brunette to her companion, who was a blonde. Then they both laughed and blushed again in unison, and washed more glasses.

"I wouldn't swear that *yours* is your own, you know," said Mr. Winn, a little piqued.

"But I would; which makes all the difference," said the young lady.

"And Miss What's-her-name would, too, I don't doubt?" put in Fred.

"Certainly, Miss What's-her-name, as you call her, would too; eh, Miss Jebb?" said the brunette.

"Certainly, Miss Rogers," said Miss Jebb, demurely.—"Miss Rogers and I are no fond of wearing other people's property."

"Ah, ah, I daresay; but all the same you won't make me believe that that very becoming colour in your cheeks is altogether the unadulterated product of charming nature," said Grantley, with an air of wonderful knowingness.

"Jove! nor me either," said Fred. "A deuced deal too like a carnation to be real, don't you know."

"The gentlemen have been so used to what is artificial that they don't know reality when they see it, Miss Jebb," said Miss Rogers.

"They remind me of the person who all his life fancied the world was flat, and wouldn't believe when he was told it was round," said Miss Jebb. At which pleasantry Miss Rogers and Miss Jebb laughed more than ever, and their faces assumed a colour which was certainly not produced by rouge.

"'Pon my word, I believe they're chaffing us, Fred," said Grantley, "All the same, I call that black one a devilish pretty girl," he whispered. "Deuced neatly put together, too, by Jove!"

Shade too full-blossomed, in my opinion," replied Mr. Grossmith. "Yellow hair is more to my taste"

"I say, you know," said Grantley, addressing the brunette, "whether your hair is real or false, or your cheeks painted or not, you're a devilish pretty little girl, you know!"

"I think you mentioned that before, sir; I'm deeply sensible of the compliment, I'm sure."

"I shall get jealous very soon, at this rate, Miss Rogers," said Miss Jebb.

"Now don't do that," said Fred; "you cut her out in looks, by a long chalk, in my opinion—word of honour!"

"Extremely obliged, I'm sure, sir!" said Miss Jebb. "They say that gentlemen seldom agree in their views of female beauty."

"Perhaps you are not aware, sir, that though Miss Jebb does not paint, she invariably tight-laces," said Miss Rogers.

At which the two young ladies went off into a dreadful fit of laughing, and hid their blushing faces in their napkins, and Miss Jebb exclaimed—

"Oh, *Miss Rogers!*"

"Quite believe it," said Fred; "waist so slim, you know. Needn't blush so much, though. A woman is no good, in my opinion, with a big waist."

"Well, if Miss Rogers don't tight-lace, at any rate she tight boots," said Miss Jebb, looking severely at her companion. "You should see the mites of shoes she wears."

"*Miss Jebb!* Well, upon my word!" cried Miss Rogers, in horror.

"If herfoot corresponds to her face, I'll bet it's a deuced pretty one," said Grantley. "I wish I could get a sight of it, that's all."

"Well, I never! there's impudence!" exclaimed the ladies, almost simultaneously.

"You've an uncommonly well-turned ankle, I'll bet; haven't you now?" said Grantley, in an insinuating whisper to the brunette.

"You're forgetting yourself, sir, it strikes me," said that young lady, drawing herself up with dignity. "Did you pay for that last brandy and soda?"

"My dear creature, don't be offended, I entreat. I wouldn't displease you for the world. Be so kind as to give me another brandy neat. But talking of small feet, that's a remarkably sweet little hand of yours, and I'll bet doesn't take a larger glove than would fit a child. If I only knew your size I shouldn't mind bringing you a dozen pairs, by Jove!"

"She takes sixes, and her favourite colour is pale mauve," put in Miss Jebb wickedly; upon which Miss Rogers looked highly displeased, and replied, "I wish, Amy, you would mind your own business."

"Happy thought, Grant, by Jove!" said Fred. "Do the same for you, Miss What's-your-name—yellow hair—if you'll tell me your number."

"Miss Jebb takes the same size as me, only her favourite colour is lemon, not mauve," said Miss Rogers. "But you must not forget to have two or three pairs white, for evenings, you know."

"No, sir, I really could not draw you another glass," said Miss Jebb, putting aside that which, at this moment, Chiffin, with a feeble smile, was offering to be replenished. It strikes me, this gentleman has had a drop too much."

"What's the row, Chiff; don't be a fool!" said Fred, as Chiffin, finding his wishes not complied with, had lifted a decanter of port wine from the buffet, and was leisurely beginning to fill a tumbler with it.

"S'more brandy," muttered Chiffin, smiling idiotically at Miss Jebb, as she snatched the decanter from his grasp. "The last was only toast-and-water; weak's tea we used get at school. I want glass of your finest French cognac in table-spoonful of Dr. De Jonathan's light-brown cod-liver oil. Mind it's light-brown. Tell you, I wont have anything sh—short of best light drawn cod liver's oil."

"You'll want to be put to bed very soon, old fellow," said

Fred, bursting out laughing. "We'll give you a dose of cod-liver to-morrow morning with pleasure, if you like; but it don't happen to be sold at this shop. Now, then, steady there with the glasses."

"I say Chiffin, you're coming out strong with a vengeance," said Grantley. "You quite astonish the females."

"Darling creechurs," said Chiffin, grinning amorously at the ladies of the bar. "Wont you kish me?"

"Your friend needs to be seen to, it strikes me," remarked Miss Jebb. "He seems amiable; but I wont answer for those glasses much longer."

"I should say the best thing for him is to get home as quick as possible, and let his sister or his mother look after him; that's to say, if he hasn't got a wife," said Miss Rogers.

"A wife?" cried Grantley. "You dear innocent, do you suppose any of us could be guilty of such a thing? Bless you, my beauty, we're all three jolly and immaculate bachelors."

"I never suspected *you* of being married, sir," said the brunette, drily." I should pity the woman who was joined to a gentleman like you."

"You don't mean it, really; now, I know you don't: because, don't you know, the women always say the opposite of what they think?" returned Grantley. "Why, bless you! I've had a dozen sighing for me at once."

"The more fools they, sir," said Miss Rogers, smiling at Miss Jebb."

"Hang it all, Grant," said Fred, "let's us be off, and take Chiff with us to the Pavilion. Be no end of a joke. Come on Chiff, old man; you must accompany us to fairyland, cod-liver-oil-land, or whatever the devil you like to call it."

"Look here, I say, what do you say to my taking you to the play or the opera some night?" said Grantley, in a low voice to Miss Rogers, as he prepared to follow Mr. Grossmith.

"Thank you, sir; but we're too much engaged here to go out at night," said the brunette, coldly. "Here's your change, sir."

."Oh, that's it, is it? I told you you were a devilish deal too good-looking to be thrown away on a place like this. Well, good-night; see you again soon," said Grantley, holding out his hand; which, however, the beauty disdained to press in her own little dainty one; but turning her back on him, said stiffly, "Good-night, sir."

"D——d cool of the little devil," muttered the man about town, as he wended his way to the Pavilion.

# BRIEF AND VARIOUS.

## ECBATANA IN SYRIA.

THE evils of superstition are peculiarly manifested in the termination of the career of Cambyses, son of Cyrus. According to Herodotus, this monarch was afflicted with a kind of madness when in Egypt, and dreaming, in his delirium, that his brother Smerdis was seated on the royal throne, and "that he touched the heavens with his head," he cruelly and foolishly sent Prexaspes to Susa to put him to death.

One of the Magi, who had been left steward of the palace, took advantage of this circumstance, which was kept secret, to set a brother of his, who was very like Smerdis, on the throne. The herald who was sent to announce this usurpation, found Cambyses and his army at Ecbatana in Syria. When Cambyses heard the name of Smerdis, the truth of coincidence of the name with his dream struck him; and perceiving, therefore, that he had destroyed his brother without a cause, he wept for Smerdis; and after he had lamented him and bitterly deplored the whole calamity, he leapt upon his horse, revolving with all speed to march to Susa against the Magus.

But as he was leaping on his horse, the chape of his sword's scabbard fell off, and the blade being laid bare, struck the thigh, being wounded in that part where he himself had formerly smitten the Egyptian god Apis. Cambyses, when he thought that he was mortally wounded, asked what was the name of the city. They said it was Ecbatana; and it had been prophesied to him, from the city of Buto, that he should end his life in Ecbatana. He therefore imagined he should die an old man in Ecbatana of Media, where all his treasures were; "but the oracle, in truth, meant, in Ecbatana of Syria. When he had thus been informed, on inquiry, of the name of the city, though smitten by his misfortune, as well as that proceeding from the Magus, as from the wound, he returned to his right mind; and comprehending the oracle, said, 'Here it is fated that Cambyses, son of Cyrus, should die.'"

An incident of so much historical importance, attracts an interest to the site of this Ecbatana; which is further enhanced by the circumstance that the existence of such a place in Syria is, to a certain extent, yet undetermined.

Pliny having said (lib. v., chap. 19), when speaking of the promontory of Carmel, that there was a city formerly called Ecba-

tana on the mountain of the same name, Sir Henry Rawlinson deduced that "a treasury" existed in the strong position of the Syrian Ecbatana upon Mount Carmel. (Journ. of Roy. Geo. Soc., lib. x. p. 134); upon which another writer says, "It is not mentioned by this or any similar name in the Hebrew writings, and we are at a loss to discover the grounds which Major Rawlinson says exist for concluding that there was a treasury in this position." Stephanus, it is to be observed, also notices the site both under the name Ecbatana and Egbatana in Syria, and we think it can be shown that such a city or stronghold existed in Syria, "under a similar name," although not on Mount Carmel.

The author of the Pentaglot lexicon, refers the Hebrew "Achmetha," which appears to have been the Chaldaic way of writing the Grecian Ecbatana or Agbatana, to a root signifying "to guard, protect, or collect together;" and though the derivation is not free from exception, yet Sir Henry Rawlinson remarks, the connecting links of the Syrian "Ahmethan," the Armenian "Ahmetan," and the Persian "Ham adan," serve to show that the true oriental pronounciation of the word is in favour of this etymology.

We have unquestionable evidence that in the two Median Ecbatanas—the Ecbatana of Great Media, Hamadan, and the Atropatenian Ecbatana, Shiz—were deposited the treasures of the king. The Persian Ecbatana of Pliny and Josephus can only be represented by the treasury-citadel of Persepolis, and there was an Assyrian Ecbatana at the mountain fortress of Amadiyah, where are ancient sculptures, and which retains to the present day the title of Ekbadan. We must presume, then, that Achmetha and Ecbatana weretitles exclusively applied to fortresses and strongholds, or to cities having a citadel or fortress for the protection of the royal treasures—that it was, in other words, equivalent to "Royal Treasury."

What is, however, still more to the point in the present inquiry is, that the words Achmetha and Ecbatana were naturalised in the East (except in the instance of Hamadan, where it has been preserved) into its synomym of Gaza. The root is of Semitic origin, but was probably very early adopted in Persia. In modern Persian it is modified into the term Ganj. In Armenia, it was perpetuated to the ages of the latest decadence of the kingdom, under the forms of Gazaca, Canzaca, and Kandsag, in its original character of the city of treasures. The Greeks, it is well known, uniformly asserted their adoption of the word Gaza, "a treasury," from the East. Bisson (de Reg. Pers. Princip, p. 157) has collected the evidence of all antiquity on this subject.

There were not only Gazas in Media (Pliny, vi. xiii.) and in Sogdiana (Arrian, lib. vi. cap. 2), but there was also a Gaza of

far greater renown in Syria, and which was the last city that Cambyses would leave on his way from Egypt, and the first he would reach on his return.

This Gaza was a very ancient place,* as we find it mentioned in Gen. x. 19; as one of the border cities of the Canaanites. In Deut. ii. 23, it is noticed as inhabited by the Avims. But in Joshua it is described as in the country of the Philistines (xv. 47) —Joshua smote the Philistines as far as Gaza (x. 41); but spared the Anakims, or giants, who dwelt there, (xi. 21, 22.)

It is probable that the so-called "giants" were picked soldiers appointed to the guardianship of the royal treasures of the Philistines. The exploit recorded of Samson (Judg. xvi. 1-3), who "took the doors off the gate of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them, bar and all, and put them on his shoulders, and carried them up to the top of a hill that is before Hebron," would have obtained all the more renown among his contemporaries from the same circumstance that Gaza was a strongly-guarded treasure city, as well as the seat of a temple of Dagon.

All the events in its history tend to show that, although on the borders of the Desert, it was ever a place of importance. Pharaoh Necho, after sacrificing one hundred and twenty thousand Egyptians in the vain attempt to open that communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, which has attracted so much interest in our own times, being stopped in the digging by a philanthropic oracle, turned his attention to military affairs and took "Cadytis which is a large city in Syria," Herod. (xi. 159). The city, so-called, we know to have been Gaza from Jer. xl. vii. 1;† and it is curious that the same place which was called Ecbatana the equivalent of Gaza, in the time of Cambyses, should have been corrupted into Cadytis, when referring to Pharaoh Necho. This Cadytis is further mentioned book iii. 5, as the last city of the Syrians of Palestine towards Egypt, the sea-ports beyond (shewing that Cadytis was near the sea) belonging to the Arabian king. This would also tend to identify Cadytis with Gaza.

After the destruction of Tyre, Gaza sustained a siege of two months against Alexander the Great (Joseph. Antiq. xi. 8, 4.) Jonathan Maccabæus destroyed the suburbs, and Simon Macca-

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* We have also the testimony of Pomponius Mela to the same effect. "Gaza, (thus the Persians designate a treasury: and hence the name of the place, where Cambyses, when he sought to conquer Egypt, placed his money and riches, the sinews of war." *"Gaza: sic Persæ ærarium vocant: et inde nomen est, quod cum Cambyses armis Ægyptum peteret, huc belli et opes et pecuniam intulerat."*—Pomponius Mela, *de Situ Orbis*, lib. i. cap. xi. 13 16.

† "The word of the Lord that came to Jeremiah the prophet, against the Philistines, before that Pharaoh smote Gaza."

bæus took the city itself, though not without extraordinary efforts, (1. Macc. xi. 6, and xiii. 43). Alexander Jannæus spent a year in besieging it and punishing its inhabitants (Antiq. xiii. 13). The place was rebuilt by Gabianus, and it was amoug the cities given by Augustus to Herod, after whose death it was united to the province of Syria, (Joseph. Antiq. xiii. 13, 3; xiv. 5, 3; and xvii. 11, 4).

Gaza had a port on the sea called Gaza on the Sea, as also Maguma, and it is to this that we are probably to trace the discrepancy in Herodotus between Ecbatana and Cadytis, or Reland reads Cadytis as Mauult-Gath, and as distinct from the other places of same name. It is also possible that it was from some confusion of ideas arising from Mount Casius being noticed by the Father of History in connection with Gaza, and "as belonging to the Syrians;" and that in the same paragraph in which he notices Cadytis, as the last city of the Syrians of Palestine, "the sea-ports as far as the city of Jenysus belonging to the Arabian king" (lib. iii. 5); that Pliny placed Ecbatana on Mount Carmel, as he could find none other so remarkable on the coast, except Casius of Antioch, which was still more remote, and still further out of the question.

Constantine called the port of Gaza, Constantia, from the name of his son, giving it at the same time municipal rights. Julian took took away this name, and ordered it to be called the port of Gaza; but subsequent emperors restored the name and the privileges of the place.

Gaza, now called Ghuzzeh, is situated on a low round hill of considerable extent, not elevated more than fifty or sixty feet above the plain around. This hill may be regarded as the nucleus of the city; although only the southern half is now covered with houses. Most of these are of stone, and especially all such as belong to the government. But the greater part of the modern city has sprung up on the plain below, a sort of suburbs, stretching far out on the eastern and northern side. These suburbs are thickly populated; the houses are numerous and wholly built of mud or unburnt bricks.

The ancient city of Gaza, "renowned," says Dr. Robinson, as "the strong" lay obviously chiefly on the hill. The present town has no gates, being like an open village; yet the places of the former ones remain, and are pointed out round the hill. One of these is shown as the gates whose doors and bars were carried off by Samson, and just by it is a mukam, which the Muslims pretend is also his tomb.

Towards the south is another gate called Bab ed Daron, because it no doubt led to the fortress of Darum, celebrated in the

time of the crusades. It was built by King Amalrich on the ruins of a Greek convent of the same name, and was stormed by Saladin (Saleh ed din), without success in A.D. 1170; though it fell into his hands and was enlarged by him after the capture of Ascalon. King Richard took it after a short siege and destroyed it A.D. 1192.

But all vestiges of the fort without the town, as also of the ancient walls and strength of Gaza itself, have disappeared; and nothing remains to mark its former extent, except the bounds of the hill on which it stood. Even the traces of its former existence, all vestiges of antiquity, are very rare; consisting of occasional columns of marble or gray granite, scattered in the streets and gardens, or used as thresholds at the gates and doors of houses, or laid upon the front of watering troughs.

An immense olive grove stretches far to the north of Gaza. It is said to be the largest in Palestine. There are numerous gardens around the city hedged with prickly pear; the soil of these is exceedingly rich and productive. There are also groves of palm-trees, mulberry, apricot, fig, pomegranate, and other fruit trees. The public cemeteries lie straggling and scattered in all directions, mingling with the houses on the hill and along the roads in the plain. The population of this place has been much underrated. Dr. Robinson believes that it is not less than from 15 to 16,000 souls, which makes it larger than Jerusalem, a fact which is also confirmed by its greater extent of crowded dwellings.

Taking into consideration, then the historical importance of Gaza—situated as it was on the great route of the military expeditions which the monarchs of Assyria, Persia, and Syria, and those of Egpyt, were ever carrying on against one another,—that it was, indeed, the key of Palestine and of all Western Asia on the side of Egypt, as also the numerous and important events of which it became the theatre—its great strength, renowned at all times, even down to the Crusades, its geographical position and relations to other places; the testimony of the prophet Jeremiah and the evidence of Pomponius Mela, added to the fact that its name is a mere synomym and equivalent of Ecbatana,—it will probably be conceded that there are sufficient grounds for identifying it with the Ecbatana of Syria, and the spot where Cambyses perished.

### A SCENE AT THE MOUTH OF THE YENESEI.

We recen lv pointed out that one of the main objects of the Swedish Expedition, under Nordenskiold, which met with such wondrous success as to pass from west to east—from Norway to Behring's Straits—was to open the great rivers of Siberia, more

especially the Yenesei and the Lena, to commerce. The following description of the first-mentioned river, at the period of the breaking up of the ice, is very striking. It was penned by Mr. Siebohm, who travelled overland with Captain Wiggins, upon the occasion of the Arctic Steam Yacht—the Diana—having been left to winter in the ice: "On June 1st we still had all the appearance of midwinter. There was no sign whatever of the arrival of summer, except a few flocks of wild geese and wild swans, and we were beginning to feel that in all probability we should have an unusually late season, when, as we came out of the cabin of the ship, we were surprised to observe a small range of mountains form upon the angle where the Yenesei and the Kurayeeka join. These were a range of hills of ice, over 60 feet high, piled in the most wonderfully picturesque confusion. A portion of the frozen river, about a mile long and one-third of a mile wide, in consequence of the rapidity of the water underneath, had broken, and part of the ice had got into the narrow channel which was formed by the gradual rising of the river between the main body of ice and the shore. The other part had rushed headlong on the precipice at the confluence of the two rivers, and the result was the blocks of ice piled themselves one on the other until a complete range of mountains was formed—mountains as blue as cobalt and in some places just like heaps of shivered glass. We immediately set off to visit this curious range. Many of the sailors became frightened, and began to get their goods and chattels out of the ship: however, we thought the wisest plan was not to take any steps at present, but simply to institute a watch, and we went to bed, with instructions that if anything extraordinary occurred we were to be awakened. About midnight the watch called us, when we found that the grand break-up of the ice had commenced—one of the most extraordinary scenes that it was ever my good fortune to witness—one of the most impressive that possibly could occur. The Yenesei was rising so rapidly that it was beginning to flow up all its tributaries. Captain Wiggins had originally hoped to have taken his ship into a little creek opposite where she was anchored, but the snow had then melted so little, and the river had risen so slightly, that the entrance was perfectly high and dry. The consequence of the sudden rise of the Yenisei was that when the ice began to move towards us, which it shortly did, it came on in the form of icebergs, piled five or six thicknesses of ice, one upon the top of another, and in large floes, at the rate of perhaps 4 or 5, or even 6 miles an hour. Of course, such enormous blocks of ice were utterly irresistible, and the only thing to be done was to cut cable and run with the stream. We were driven up the Kurayeeka for perhaps the distance of 2 miles. Sometimes, two

large floes of ice would squeeze the vessel between them, and she would be lifted some feet out of the water. At other times a floe would try to crawl up the ship's side like a snake, and on many occasions she was crushed so near the shore that she grounded. One large block of ice carried our rudder completely away, and we never saw it again. During the course of that night things became so serious that we got our luggage conveyed over the ice on to the snow, and finally a large block of ice struck the ship with such force that a stream of water, as thick as my arm, came into the hold. We thought the best thing to do was to desert the ship and leave her to her fate, and we all scrambled on to the banks of the river. However, just at that moment a temporary change took place. Some of the ice lower down the Yenisei must have given way, for the river sank 2 or 3 feet, and the ice began to move down the Kurayeeka, and in a short time we had perfectly clear water between us and the place where we were originally moored opposite the little creek, which was now full of water, and, by guiding the ship with ropes, we succeeded in getting her into the creek. There we ran her on shore, and she was afterwards repaired. For the space of a whole fortnight the mass of ice coming down the Yenisei was carried up the Kurayeeka at the rate of 6 or 7 miles an hour for 4 or 5 hours; then marched back again, and so on until finally the Yenisei, 3 miles wide, rose 70 feet perpendicularly in height. The end of it all was that immense masses of ice which had gone up the Kurayeeka further than where the banks were so high, spread out over the country, and were lost in the forest."

As soon as the ice has dispersed, steamers from Yeni-seisk come down the river loaded with all sorts of things. They were, in fact, Mr. Seebohm says, travelling shops for the supply of the great fishing stations and the natives. In exchange, they get furs and salt fish. Things are very cheap—dried fish almost nothing, excellent beef at about 2½d. a pound, grouse 7d. a brace, and a ton of wheat at the same price as we give for one hundredweight. So extremely cheap are corn and hay, on the great steppes between Tomsk and Tyumen, that the travellers only paid, for the hire of horses, one halfpenny per horse per English mile. Birds are by myriads; but so, unfortunately, are mosquitoes. The forests are magnificent, and any number of ships' masts, 60 feet long, 3 feet in diameter at the base, and 18 inches at the apex, of hard larch, can be purchased at one pound each. Mr. Seebohm has no doubt whatever that at some future period there will be an immense trade carried on with Siberia, through the Kara Sea, and up this, supposed to be the third largest river in the world, and as, according to the inevitable law of the survival of the fittest, Russian

maritime enterprise came to grief at Archangel, and was superseded by English commerce; so must we be on the look-out for the opening of the Yenesei. The natives are Samoyedes, Ostiaks, Dolgans, of Turkish origin; and Tungusks, who neither speak Tartar or Turkish, nor Finnish, nor Samoyede.

### HINDU PHILOSOPHY OF MEDICINE.

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot in Calcutta to start a free "Agur Veda" College. The promoter, Baboo Rajendrath Datta, asks for 200,000 rupees, but will commence with 50,000 rupees. His prospectus asserts, as encouragement in support of a school of Hindu medicine, that in India treatment, according to the Hindu system of medicine, is generally more efficacious than that according to a foreign one. "As our bodies are formed of, and nourished by, Indian materials, it would, it is argued, be against nature if medicines brought from foreign countries suit our constitution in times of illness. It is an established fact, that the human frame has a more intimate relationship with objects growing around it than with those growing in a distant country."

The philosophy, if such it can be termed, is as little tangible as Captain Burton's notions of disease on the lungs, as given in the Pro. R.G.S. for April,—that as peas, cabbages, and potatoes, grown on the Congo have the same taste, so "the climate might possibly have the same effect on the human frame;" that is, we suppose, deprive it of its native virtues. But it might be argued against the Hindu philosophy of medicine, that cinchona and other medicines have the same virtues in England that they have in South America or in the different climates they are obtained from. To suppose the contrary would be to upset the whole system of Therapeutics. Again, tea, coffee, and tobacco—nay, even potatoes, so common an object of diet—are all now, or were originally, derived from other countries, yet they do not lose their virtues or uses in the human frame in this country. It simply requires to prove the depth of the Hindu medical philosophy, to invert the statement, and say "as our bodies are formed of, and nourished by English materials, it would be against nature if medicines brought from foreign countries suit our constitution in times of illness." The reverse is the case. We have many valuable simples in our own country, but the more powerful and efficacious medicines of vegetable origin are brought from hotter climates. It is the especial province of intelligence, and of a true philosophy, to search for, and find such agents, and not to close the door against them, because they do not grow in our country, or are not food for which our bodies are formed.

### THE BOOK OF MORMON.—STORY OF THE MAN WHO FIRST PRINTED IT.

THE *Detroit Post and Tribune*, of the 2d instant, prints the following:

Maj. J. H. Gilbert, of Palmyra, N. Y., is in the city on a visit to his son, Charles T. Gilbert, of Nevin & Mills. He is a printer; was formerly proprietor of the Wayne (Palmyra) *Sentinel*, and is the man who set up the Mormon Bible from the original manuscript. It was the custom of the printers as the sheets were run through the press to take one of each form for preservation. Maj. Gilbert did this, and now has with him in this city the unbound sheets of the Mormon Bible as he then took them from the press. These he cheerfully exhibits to any person who has a curiosity to look at them. The book was a quarto of 580 pages. The contents were sub-divided into chapters, broken into frequent paragraphs, but the verses were not numbered as they are in later editions. Upon the title-page appears the name of Joshua Smith as "Author and Proprietor." In all subsequent editions he appears simply as "Translator." This change was rendered necessary to carry out the theory afterwards adopted that Smith dug up these writings and translated them from "reformed Egyptian" by means of a pair of supernatural spectacles.

A reporter of *The Post and Tribune* met Maj. Gilbert on Saturday, and had a pleasant chat with him about the early days of Mormondom in Wayne county, N.Y., in which that modern religion started. He found the veteran printer, though now 75 years of age, remarkably well-preserved, and hale and vigorous as a man of 50. It was more than half a century ago that he learned the printer's trade, of Chauncey Morse, now a resident of this city, and had just established himself in business at Palmyra, when, after a short newspaper experience, he sold out to E. P. Grandin, and continued in his employment as a journeyman printer.

One pleasant day, in the summer of 1829, Hiram Smith, Joe's brother, came to the office to negotiate for the printing of a book. The arrangements were completed. Five thousand copies of the book were printed for 3000 dollars. A well-to-do farmer, named Martin Harris, living in the neighbourhood, agreed to become security for the payment of the money, and the work was at once put in hand. Maj. Gilbert set up all the type of the book, except some 20 or 30 pages, and did nearly all the press work. It was all worked off on a hand-press.

The copy was brought to the office by Hiram Smith. It was written on foolscap paper in a good, clear hand. The handwriting

was Oliver Cowdery's. There was not a punctuation mark in the whole manuscript. The sentences were all run in without capitals, or other marks to designate where one left off and another began, and it was no easy task to straighten out the stuff. Maj. Gilbert perceiving that large portions were stolen verbatim from the Bible, used to have a copy of that book on his case to aid him in deciphering the manuscript and putting in the proper punctuation marks.

At first Smith used to come to the office every morning with just enough manuscript to last through the day. But it was so much bother to put in the punctuation that Gilbert said: "Bring me around a quantity of copy at a time, and I can go through it and fix it up evenings, and so get along faster with it."

Smith replied: "This is pretty important business, young man, and I don't know as we can trust this manuscript in your possession."

Finally his scruples were overcome, and he consented to the arrangement. Then he would bring around a quire of paper, or forty-eight pages, at a time, and this would last several days. When the matter had been set all the copy was carefully taken away again by Smith. It took eight months to set up the book and run it through the press.

Maj. Gilbert was not much interested in the book, thought it rather dry and prosy, and to this day has never thought it worth his while to read it a second time.

Of course, nobody then dreamed that the "Book of Mormon" was destined to achieve the notoriety which it has gained, or that it was to cut such a figure in the history of this country. It did not find a very ready sale at the outset, and Harris, who had mortgaged his farm to pay the printer's bill, was cleaned out financially. He was an intimate friend of the Smiths, and afterwards became an adherent to the doctrines they taught. He did not follow them westward, however, but remained near his own home, where he died four years ago.

With this book as the basis of his teaching, Joe Smith began to preach, and soon formed a congregation of followers in Palmyra and the neighbouring village of Manchester, where the Smiths resided. A year later, he, with thirty of his followers, removed to Kirtland, Ohio. His subsequent history is well known.

There were nine children in the Smith family. Joe was then about 23 years of age. He was a lazy, good-for-nothing lout, chiefly noted for his capacity to hang around a corner grocery and punish poor whisky. He had good physical strength, but he never put it to any use in the way of mowing grass or sawing wood. He could wrestle pretty well, but was not given to exerting his muscles in any particular way. He had evidently made up his mind that

there was an easier way of getting a living than by honest industry.

He was the discoverer of a magic stone, which he used to carry around in his hat. Holding it carefully laid in the bottom of his hat, he would bring his eye to bear on it at an angle of about 45 degrees, and forthwith discover the whereabouts of hidden treasures. He would draw a circle on the ground, and say to the awe-struck bystanders, dig deep enough within this circle and you will find a pot of gold." But he never dug himself. He had a good share of the rising generation of Palmyra out digging in the suburbs, and to this day traces of the pits thus dug are pointed out to curious visitors.

As he claimed to be the author of the "Book of Mormon," his story was that by the aid of his wonderful stone he found gold plates on which were inscribed the writings in hieroglyphics. He translated them by means of a pair of magic spectacles which the Lord had delivered to him at the same time that the golden tablets were turned up. But nobody but Joe himself ever saw the golden tablets or the far-seeing spectacles. He dictated the book, concealed behind a curtain, and it was written by Cowdery. This course seemed to be rendered necessary by the fact that Joe did not know how to write. Otherwise the book might have gone to the printer in the handwriting of Mormon himself.

It is now pretty well established that the "Book of Mormon" was written in 1812 as a popular romance. He could not find any one to print it. The manuscript was sent to Pittsburg, where it lay in a printing office several years. Spalding was never able to raise the money to secure the printing of the story, and after his death in 1824 it was returned to his wife By some means, exactly how is not known, it fell into the hands of one Sidney Rigdon, who, with Joe Smith, concocted the scheme by which it was subsequently brought out as the work of Smith.

The dealings with the outside world in respect to it were manipulated by Hiram Smith, an elder brother of Joe.

Maj. Gilbert's recollection of all these persons and events is fresh and vivid, and he has a fund of anecdote and incident relating to them.

## THE NATIVE INDIAN PRESS.

INTERESTING news, says an Indian ne spaper, reaches us from Surat:—It is rather miscellaneous, but the reader will enjoy it none the less. It is as follows:—1. A Russian vessel, made of glass, with 5000 men on board, together with ammunition, has arrived at Bombay. The Government at first forbade its entrance

into the harbour, but after conciliating Government it came in. Other vessels of the Russian navy are following. One is constructed to remain below the surface of the water and scarcely ever comes up. The Governor of Bombay has, by telegraph, ordered an increase in the Bombay army. 2. Government have resolved to sell off all the forts between Ahmedabad and Poonah. They have decided to sell the Fort at Surat by auction for two lakhs of rupees. They have also determined to dispose of the Telegraph Office, the Hospital and the Municipal buildings at Surat. 3. The god "Mamlutdar" has been consulted by Government as to the length of time for which British rule might last in India. He replied it would be extinct after six months. Government thereupon arrested and imprisoned him; but he has since marvellously disappeared. The *Guzerathi Mitra*, a native paper published at Surat, has collected all this information. It is, we believe, a journal that stands forward conspicuously among those which,—according to Mr. Fawcett and other Indian reformers at home,—perform the important function of interpreting native public opinion.

IV. 23.

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